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The American Conservative

Nation Building

Why Bombs
Don't Make
Democracies

By John Laughland

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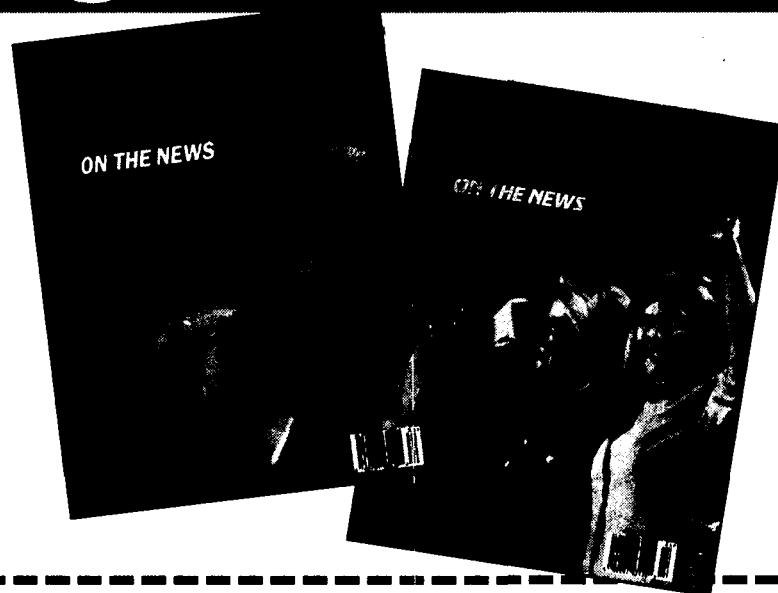
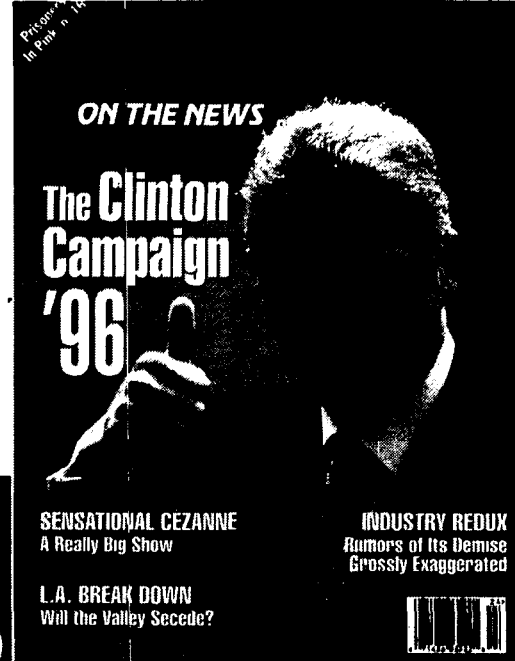
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Contents

June 2, 2003 / Vol. 2, No. 11



[COVER]

Nation Building: Why Bombs Don't Make Democracies

BY JOHN LAUGHLAND NATO's "victory" in Serbia has left a gangster regime in its wake. Page 8

[WORLD]

God's Time

BY JIM PITTAWAY Afghans see war as open-ended, and resistance to the U.S.-sponsored Karzai government has barely begun. Page 11

[IDEAS]

Nation Busting

BY ROBERT LOCKE The globalist ideology is a successor to Marxism and suffers many of the same flaws. Page 13

[LAW]

Watchful Eyes

BY PETER HITCHENS In a misguided approach to curbing its crime wave, Britain threatens historic rights. Page 16

COLUMNS

7 Patrick J. Buchanan: What if the democracies we create vote against us?

30 Taki: Correcting Mr. Crittenden

NEWS & VIEWS

4 Fourteen Days: SARS comes to graduation; The *Times*' diversity hire; You've got junk mail

ARTICLES

19 Fred Reed: France, a dissent

21 Richard Cummings: Why we're leaving Saudi Arabia

ARTS & LETTERS

23 Steve Sailer: Asian-Americans go gansta.

24 William F. Reyes: Washington's other Senators

25 Cicero Bruce: The case for classics

27 Matthew G. Alexander: William Byrd, a tortured soul in England's Golden Age

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[HEALTH]

SARS: COMING SOON TO A CAMPUS NEAR YOU

It may yet turn out that the emergence of the SARS virus and not Washington's embrace of pre-emptive war doctrine is the most important development of the year. The University of California at Berkeley has taken the firm (and decidedly un-Berkeley-like) step of barring foreign students from China, Taiwan, and Hong Kong from their forthcoming summer programs, and other universities are likely to follow suit.

Not yet publicly reported is the grave concern major universities have about their pending graduation ceremonies: the engineering schools of some top universities are up to 70 percent Asian, which means hundreds of proud parents and grandparents from SARS-infected areas will be descending on the campuses at graduation time, circulating through dorms, and in some cases staying in university-sponsored housing.

The logical answer, telling parents and grandparents to stay put, seems cruel and nearly unthinkable in an era in which globalization is thought to confer an automatic right to cross borders at will. And yet we ought to accustom ourselves to the notion that there are higher priorities than open borders. The health of the American people is one of them. Cutting down travel from Asia won't keep SARS out of the United States (it is already here), but it can certainly slow down the rate of transmission and give researchers and public-health authorities more time to develop effective defenses—treatments and vaccines—against the virus.

Berkeley, in our view, acted correctly in taking the seemingly blunt step of saying no to Asian students. But universities have neither means nor right to prevent parents from visiting, to quarantine them, or even to check their SARS status. That is a task that must be taken up



by the federal government, and we hope the Centers for Disease Control make the appropriate recommendations soon.

[IMMIGRATION]

WATERED DOWN

Last month, Interior Secretary Gale Norton announced a new plan to pacify the Western United States' so-called water wars. Out West, water is a scarce resource. It is likely to become more so in the decades ahead. Even now, as an NPR report noted, every inch of available water is legally assigned to some city, farm, Indian tribe, endangered species, etc. In extreme instances, water shortages can lead to open unrest, as happened around the Klamath River in Oregon in 2001. The Associated Press narrates: "Armed federal officers were called in after farmers along the Oregon waterway pried open irrigation gates in anger when the government shut off their water to help endangered fish."

According to Norton's study, more disputes over water rights are probable in several of the region's major cities and states by 2025. In response, she proposes various measures from funding desalina-

tion research, to allowing farmers to buy and sell extra water rations, to the usual "increased interagency cooperation."

Whence the extra pressure on a water supply already stretched so thin? As Norton explains, "One of the most significant factors is the growth in population."

Media reports of this story have thus far neglected to mention where this influx of people is coming from, but given the states most affected—Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Texas, and California—mass immigration seems a likely culprit.

Secretary Norton's initiatives might help treat the symptoms, but they are no panacea. A genuine cure will require curtailing the immigration that is sticking extra straws into the West's finite reservoirs.

[JOURNALISM]

TICKET TO THE TOP

It's graduation time, and though the job market is rough, hundreds of thousands of young people have to take their first real career steps. Journalism? Well, why not start at the very top? Don't bother building up clips by freelancing for low-paying political magazines or working for a small paper in northern Oklahoma. Go for the *New York Times*.

Unrealistic? Not in the brave new world of newsroom diversity. The Jayson Blair episode at the *Times* illustrates, beyond any doubt, that if you are a member of an "underrepresented" racial or ethnic group, you don't even need to graduate from college—you can zip right into the *Times* internship program.

Blair has now been severed from the *Times* after it was discovered he consistently falsified quotations, datelines, facts, and everything else that makes a newspaper story viable. *Times* editors knew about his problems with truth in reporting for years and kept promoting him.

The *Times* is treating the episode as a horrible stain, and has spent thousands

of words analyzing its own error. But unless it acknowledges that the error is rooted in the now pervasive system of racial double standards that passes under the euphemism of "promoting diversity," nothing useful will be learned.

[CULTURE]

YOU'VE GOT JUNK MAIL

"Spam" e-mail—like the canned meat for which it is named—is often of dubious provenance and even more dubious nutritional value. And just as edible Spam clogs the arteries, electronic spam clogs the inbox. Last year, these solicitations for everything from pornography to dental insurance were an irritation—more bothersome than old-fashioned junk mail but less so than telemarketing calls at suppertime. However, as Christopher Caldwell wrote in the May 3 *Financial Times*, "That was before the problem got completely out of control."

Today, Internet users are forced to abandon long-held e-mail accounts with popular hosts like America Online and Hotmail as the sheer volume of spam—nearly a majority of all e-mail sent in the United States—overwhelms every bulwark these providers vainly erect against it. In his trenchantly argued essay, Caldwell calls the spam plague "an economic, moral, and legal disaster." The result is a "cyberspace unfrequented for all children and unpleasant for most adults," where "a six-year-old girl" who accidentally opens a virtual smut message "represents electronic collateral damage."

Caldwell explains why the onslaught of bulk e-mail is inexhaustible: everyone pays for it *but* the spammer. Sending e-mail is free, but as service providers increase capacity to cope with spam, they pass the expenses on to their customers. Perversely, those customers must not only receive a spammer's unwanted messages, they must even pay his postage.

Unfortunately, the efforts so far by

both government and the private sector to correct the problem have proven feckless or worse. As a new approach, we reluctantly endorse Caldwell's proposed one-cent-per-e-mail duty for all users, exempting those who send under 5,000 messages per year. Such a scheme would put the spammers (many of whom can send up to 10 million e-mails *per day*) out of business while only mildly burdening the ordinary user. Although we reflexively resist new taxation, we see no realistic alternative.

[EDUCATION]

CALLING RON UNZ

One *AC* staffer, who lives in a predominantly Hispanic community, recently asked one of the neighborhood children how school was going. The fifth grader, son of Salvadoran immigrants, replied that he wasn't so sure he would do well on his upcoming SOLs—for the uninitiated, Standards of Learning, Virginia's mandatory achievement tests. Apparently it had come to their teachers' attention that Brian and his seven-year-old sister, both good students fluent in English, were no longer speaking their parents' mother tongue grammatically. The school's solution was to transfer both to a Spanish immersion program. "I don't learn so much math now," the boy confided. "I'm doing Spanish."

By the time this ten-year-old enters the workforce, perhaps the country will be so altered that his Spanish will serve him well. But more likely, strong math skills and grammatical English would do more to propel him to the prosperity his parents came seeking. Had he known only Spanish, immersing this student in English classes would have been appropriate, if contrary to the bilingual education prescription. But forcing him to adopt the foreign language of the country his family left behind goes beyond poor pedagogy—it is abnegating multiculturalism run completely amok. ■

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Editors

Patrick J. Buchanan
Taki Theodoracopulos

Executive Editor

Scott McConnell

Managing Editor

Kara Hopkins

Assistant Editor

Matthew Alexander

Art Director

Mark Graef

Office Manager

Veronica Yanos

Publishing Consultant

Ronald E. Burr

Newsstand Consultant

Rande Davis

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The only major book that looks beyond all the happy-talk of East Coast pseudo-conservatives

"In 2000, for the first time, there were more Muslims in the world than Catholics."

Before Sept. 11, 2001, most Americans would have yawned at that statistic from Pat Buchanan's *Death of the West*. But with the dangers of a resurgent Islam practically a nightly news feature, Buchanan's book became a runaway bestseller.

His disturbing message? The Christian West is dying. The reasons?

- Collapsing birth rates and native populations
- out-of-control immigration
- a process of "de-Christianization"

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- ★ How collapsing birth rates in Western nations, coupled with skyrocketing birth rates among Muslims, Asians and other Third World peoples, will soon cause cataclysmic shifts in world power
- ★ Why the Christian majority in America was routed
- ★ How uncontrolled immigration is changing the composition of the U.S. and European nations in ways that threaten their survival
- ★ Why our young women are not having children
- ★ How our cultural institutions have been deliberately and systematically undermining the foundational beliefs and traditions of American and Christian civilization for years
- ★ Why aging populations may force developed nations to choose between mass immigration and mass euthanasia
- ★ Why the GOP may be history
- ★ Six consequences of the overthrow of the moral order
- ★ The "absolute correlation" between religious faith and young populations — and between loss of faith and population decline
- ★ Five ways you can enlist now to preserve Christian America

Empty doomsaying? "*The Death of the West* is not a prediction of what is going to happen," Buchanan clarifies, "it is a depiction of what is happening now."

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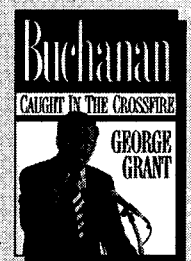
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True or False? QUIZ

Answers found in Buchanan's blockbuster
(Only two statements are false.)

- ◆ By 2050, only 1/10 of the world's people will be of European descent — and it will be the oldest tenth, median age 50
- ◆ In the 1990s, immigrants and their children were responsible for 100% of the population growth of California, New York, New Jersey, Illinois and Massachusetts
- ◆ In a recent survey, fewer than half of Ivy League college seniors could name the author of the Gettysburg Address — while 98% could identify rapper Snoop Doggy Dogg
- ◆ In 1999, a St. Louis school principal was fired for wishing students "Merry Christmas" over the P.A. system
- ◆ White people in London will be a minority by 2010
- ◆ The number of illegal aliens in America equals the combined populations of Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut
- ◆ FBI statistics show 223 murders in 1998 were committed by Arab nationals
- ◆ America's most-used high-school history textbook mentions Martin Luther King 67 times — and Thomas Jefferson only twice.
- ◆ There are 1500 mosques in Germany
- ◆ Outside of Muslim Albania, not one of Europe's 47 nations is producing enough babies to replace its population
- ◆ The Third World adds 100 million people — one new Mexico — every fifteen months

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America's Brezhnev Doctrine

In May '68, Moscow sent its tanks into Czechoslovakia to crush the "Prague Spring" and gave us "The Brezhnev Doctrine of Limited Sovereignty." To wit, once the

Communist system has been imposed on a nation, said Moscow, there is no turning back.

A mirror image of the Brezhnev Doctrine is the American Doctrine. Once a nation has been "liberated," like Germany and Japan, a U.S.-style democracy will be imposed.

But there is a dilemma deeply embedded in democratist ideology.

What do we do if a conquered people democratically tells us to get out and votes in a regime that rejects American values? Do we accept their democratic decision? Will we really accept Iraq's democratic decisions if they imperil our interests? Or are we hypocrites and phonies, as much of the world believes?

President Bush gave his victory address aboard a 90,000-ton aircraft carrier named for America's most beloved president. What was Abraham Lincoln's answer to Southerners who voted democratically to secede? General Sherman, four years of fire and sword, and twelve years of "Reconstruction."

A democratic process produced Chancellor Hitler. Yet, democratists today say we had a right to invade and overthrow the Nazi regime as early as 1933. Where did we acquire this right? Call it The American Doctrine of Limited Sovereignty.

When the Spanish republic began to persecute priests and nuns in the 1930s, General Franco, to the cheers of Catholics everywhere, raised up a rebellion and put the republic to the sword. Forty years later, Nixon's White House rejoiced when General Augusto Pinochet

seized power from a democratically elected President Salvador Allende, who was steering Chile toward Castroism. And the Old Right has never condemned either coup.

In 1992, Algeria was to hold a run-off election certain to bring to power an Islamist regime. With the blessing of France and the United States, the Algerian government and army canceled the election. Some 100,000 have perished in the ensuing civil war.

Any of the democracy mongers doing penance today for that one?

Recent elections in Turkey brought to power Islamists who denied us access to their territory for the liberation of Iraq. Elections in Pakistan turned two of four provinces over to virulent anti-Americans and admirers of Osama. What do we Americans do if the Shi'ites of Iraq join the Sunnis in free elections and, together, tell us to get out of their country?

Neoconservatives, with visions of Iraq as a strategic base camp from which to strike Islamic tyrannies, are now insisting that, before elections, Iraqis must be tutored in American values and democratic ideals, lest they commit a blunder at the ballot box. In short, Iraqis are free to choose a government—of which we Americans approve. Yet even if Iraqis create a constitutional republic, problems arise.

Americans believe in separation of church and state, that religious indoctrination has no place in state schools. But, like pre-Vatican-II Catholics, Muslims believe that indoctrinating children in

the faith of their fathers is the primary purpose of education.

Acolytes of American values believe the Bill of Rights gives infidels the right to preach, sodomites the right to practice, Larry Flynt and Salman Rushdie the right to publish, and every woman and wife the right to fornicate freely and have an abortion. Try selling that in Riyadh or Rawalpindi, and the authoritarian rulers will have to rescue you from the people's will.

If a democratic referendum were conducted today from Morocco to Malaysia—and monitored by the National Endowment for Democracy—on the proposition: "Resolved: Israel should be erased from the map of the Middle East and Israeli Jews sent back where they came from," how do you suppose it would come out? Those who would extend the franchise to the masses should perhaps discern first what it is the masses want.

Nazism was embraced by Germans for only a decade. When the regime went, the Germans came home to the West. Communism, imposed on the peoples of Eastern Europe, was always detested. When it was swept from power, these people, too, returned to the West.

But the beliefs of Islamic peoples are rooted in a faith and tradition 1,400 years old that has proven impervious to the greatest of Christian evangelists. Their beliefs will not be uprooted and replaced by secular humanist nostrums and democratist nonsense in a few short years.

Rather than trying to instruct these people on how to believe, behave, and vote, we shall one day have to settle for them raising a regime in Iraq that simply does not threaten us or our vital interests.

It's a foreign policy called "realism." ■



[the serbian case]

Nation Building: Why Bombs Don't Make Democracies

By John Laughland

THERE HAS BEEN much hand-wringing over the widespread looting in Iraq following the Anglo-American invasion. Evidence that the looting was permitted, and perhaps even encouraged, by coalition troops has not quelled the party line that this is a transitional stage and that reconstruction is proceeding apace. But could the creation of chaos be a deliberate and even lasting policy? Recent events in Serbia, the last country to have democracy imposed on it by force, indicate that the lawlessness and anarchy that now terrorize the civilian population of Iraq are not a regrettable transitional stage in the onward march towards the New World Order. They are instead the very essence of that order.

It was Pierre Vergniaud, a Girondin, who correctly predicted that the French Revolution, like Saturn, would devour its own children. That certainly happened on the morning of March 12, 2003 in Belgrade, when an assassin's bullet dispatched the Serbian prime minister in a few swift seconds.

Few men incarnated the revolution-

ary force of the New World Order better than Zoran Djindjic—Marxist philosopher, bootlegger, and spook. Djindjic left Yugoslavia in the early 1970s to study at the feet of Jürgen Habermas, the extreme left-wing ideologue who, like his pupil, was later to become a prophet of globalism and the end of the nation-state. In 1984, Djindjic wrote that he had gone to study in Germany because Yugoslav Marxism had been fatally weakened by Marshall Tito's policy of openness to the West. But his esoteric academic activities—which were in any case abandoned in the 1990s when he became an extreme Serb nationalist and, later, an extreme supporter of Euro-Atlantic integration and world-wide free trade—were in part a front for his business activities. He started off with a covert export-import business, involving the sale of textiles produced in his numerous sweatshops, and went on to become a major cigarette smuggler during the 1990s, something finally revealed by sections of the Serbian press, now closed down, in 2001.

If the various and contradictory ideologies Djindjic adopted all had one thing in common—the destruction of the existing order in the name of total revolution—it was his status as a *capo dei capi*, one of the richest men in a region thick with wealthy and ruthless criminals, which made him attractive to the West. Here was a man who cared only for his own personal gain and not for his country. Moreover, his comings and goings between Germany and Yugoslavia had enabled him to work, it is said, for both the German and Yugoslav intelligence services. So in October 2000, Djindjic helped the Americans to organize the *coup d'état* that overthrew Slobodan Milosevic. According to two of his fans who wrote a history of that day, Oct. 5, 2000, Djindjic had carefully studied both Trotsky and Curzio Malaparte's *Techniques of a Coup d'État*—based on Mussolini's March on Rome—in preparation for his own march on Belgrade. He trousered some \$100 million of U.S. taxpayers' money for the purpose and did not hesitate to employ

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in this task other members of the criminal gangs of which he was a product.

These gangsters who helped him, as he was later to brag, included one Milorad Lukovic, alias Legija, the man who was accused of killing him in March. Legija had commanded a murderous paramilitary unit in Bosnia, which was later integrated into the Yugoslav police under the terms of the Dayton Accords in 1995. It was Legija's agreement to support Djindjic that enabled the Oct. 5 coup to be successful. In April 2001, Legija's men stormed Slobodan Milosevic's residence and carted him off to the central prison in Belgrade, whence he was arrested and taken to The Hague. Throughout 2001 and 2002, moreover, Legija's unit, according to the admission of the Serbian deputy prime minister, assisted the regular Yugoslav police in their anti-terrorist operations against Albanian insurgents in southern Serbia. Most Serbs, therefore, regarded it as a sick joke when Western governments claimed that Djindjic had been assassinated by Legija's men because he was fighting organized crime. Although spivvery had certainly existed under Milosevic, an inevitable consequence of sanctions and war, it had only really let rip under Djindjic.

Serbian society is now so totally criminalized, indeed, that Serbs naturally assume that the West itself was somehow implicated in Djindjic's murder.

They speculate that Djindjic may have been finally getting too big for his boots; that he was starting to get awkward over the West's failure to pay promised aid; and that several big contracts were about to go to German interests rather than American ones. They also point out

of political control of the state, as well as for stealing its riches. The seizure of factories and enterprises all over Yugoslavia by men with guns in the aftermath of the Oct. 5 coup was merely repeated when mass looting spread across Iraq in April.

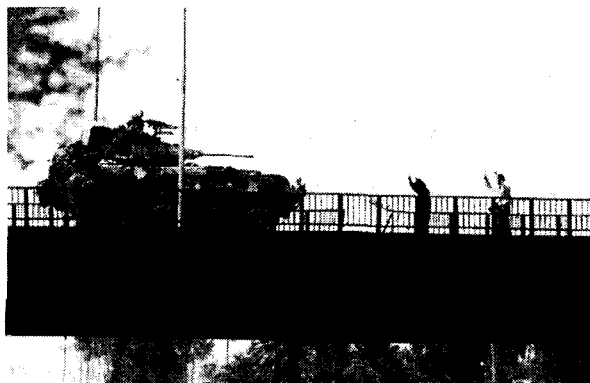
EVENTS IN SERBIA HAVE ONLY UNDERLINED THIS ALLIANCE BETWEEN WESTERN-SPONSORED NEW-WORLD-ORDER GOVERNMENTS AND ORGANIZED CRIME.

that Djindjic was one of the few Eastern European leaders who refused to sign a letter of support for the Anglo-American position on Iraq in March. If such conspiracy theories seem outlandish, it should be remembered that the West had already brought Mafia regimes to power in neighboring Albania, Kosovo, and Montenegro, while it has also strenuously and successfully supported the integration into the Macedonian government of Albanian terrorists, drug-runners, and people-traffickers.

It was therefore natural that Djindjic and his American minders should have jointly conceived a plan to impose social chaos in Yugoslavia before and after the overthrow of Milosevic. In order to promote genuine revolution, or what Michael Ledeen of the American Enterprise Institute extols as "creative destruction," the rebels did everything to prevent the Yugoslav presidential elections in 2000 from going to a necessary second round. They thus ensured that there would be a period of total social collapse, just as there had been in Kosovo when the Serbs were forced to withdraw in June 1999, just as there was to be this year in Iraq. This created fertile ground for grabbing the key points

Subsequent events in Serbia have only underlined this alliance between Western-sponsored New-World-Order governments and organized crime. Following the assassination of Djindjic, the Serbian government promptly declared a state of emergency, something that did not happen after the assassinations of Jack Kennedy, Olaf Palme, or Rajiv Gandhi. Using powers the West had attacked as dictatorial when Milosevic made provision for them in 1992, but that he never used, some 8,000 people were taken in for questioning, 2,000 of whom were detained by police with no access to lawyers, no access to their families, and without even being charged. In Belgrade, I interviewed two opposition politicians who had been detained for 30 days on the basis that their liberty "could pose a threat to the security of other citizens, and to the Republic." This is little but George W. Bush's policy of pre-emptive war applied to domestic policing.

As former President Vojislav Kostunica also put it to me when I met him in Belgrade, the government clearly treated Djindjic's assassination as Stalin had treated the murder of Serge Kirov on Dec. 1, 1934—as a pretext for eliminating its political opponents. After declaring that the so-called "patriotic forces" had conspired to kill Djindjic, the Serbian Interior Minister proudly told a



congress of European Youth leaders on April 18, "The imposition of the state of emergency gave the Serbian government the opportunity to rid itself of all remnants of the Milosevic regime." Even though the Socialist Party of Serbia has never been declared illegal, this use of state organs to suppress political opposition was enthusiastically welcomed by Western governments. Colin Powell made a special trip to Belgrade last month to say how much the U.S. supported the mass arrests, and Serbia-Montenegro (as Yugoslavia is now officially known) was admitted to the Council of Europe, the human rights body, even as thousands were being detained.

Politicians from Milosevic's Socialists and Vojislav Kostunica's Democratic Party of Serbia figured prominently among the arrestees, as did any journalists who

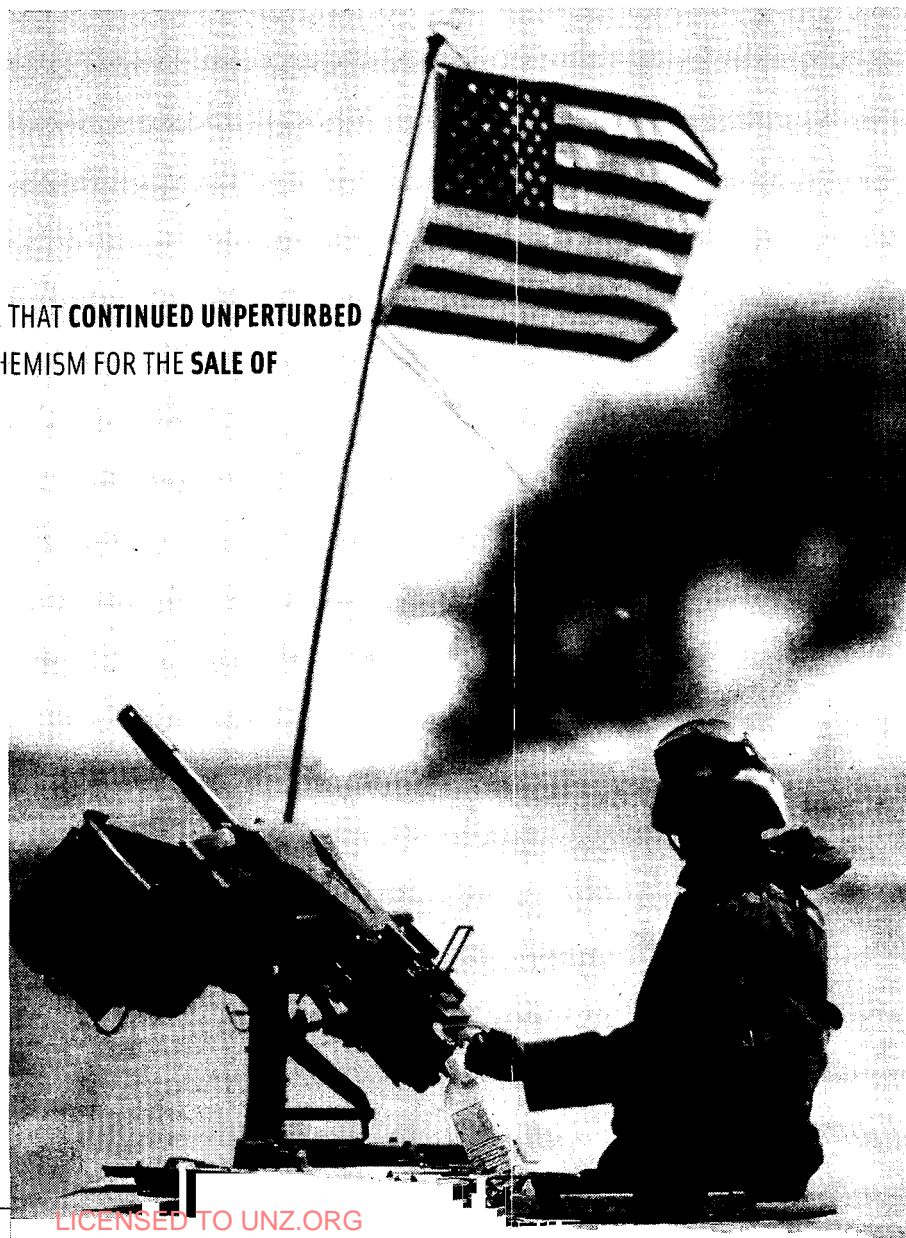
ground of the present prime minister of Serbia is in running gambling joints in the southern Serbian town of Nis and that many believe one of the deputy prime ministers is a heroin addict, the suspicion of most Serbs is that the post-Djindjic government is using the instruments of the state to suppress one gang for the benefit of another. With foreign investment and foreign aid drying up, there is simply less money around for such crooks to steal: the battles between them

are therefore becoming all the more bitter. Amidst all this chaos, the only thing that continued unperturbed was the privatization process, a euphemism for the sale of national assets to foreigners. At the height of the purges, U.S. Steel bought a gigantic factory in Serbia, with 10,000 employees, for the paltry sum of \$23 million, a deal made all the sweeter because the factory's \$1.7 billion debt is being assumed by the Serbian taxpayers.

AMIDST ALL THIS CHAOS, THE ONLY THING THAT CONTINUED UNPERTURBED WAS THE PRIVATIZATION PROCESS, A EUPHEMISM FOR THE SALE OF NATIONAL ASSETS TO FOREIGNERS.

"incited the prime minister's assassination" by criticizing him before it happened. Television stations, newspapers, and magazines were closed down, and the remaining media were obliged to publish only official government press statements. Their flowery language about the "heroic" efforts of the police prompted those Serbs old enough to remember Tito to joke that the state journalists from that period must have been brought out of retirement to write them.

As in the War on Terror, the principal culprits originally fingered for the crime have got away. Legija remains at large—like Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein—and although many of his Zemun gang have indeed been caught, the head of the rival Surcin gang was taken in for questioning and then politely released without charge. Given that the back-



Much has been made in the last decade of the sudden conversion of so-called communists to the virtues of capitalism. But the equal and opposite trend has gone largely unnoticed—the adoption by Western policy-makers of the key tenets of the discredited Communist creed. Foremost among these is the myth of revolution. From Bucharest via Belgrade to Baghdad, highly organized or totally artificial events are presented as the spontaneous actions of “the people,” like the silly charade organized outside the Palestine Hotel in Baghdad last month. In keeping with its new revolutionary ideology, the West encourages chaos and criminality, in order to tear down the old order and in order to keep the population too preoccupied with daily cares to organize any effective political resistance. Social chaos forces the population of an occupied country, like Iraq, to make a Hobbesian pact with its invaders and to look to the coalition soldiers for protection, thus lending them an apparent legitimacy they would otherwise lack.

Both Iraq and Serbia were subject, for a decade, to a stringent regime of sanctions. This gave rise, in both cases, to the same dramatic increase in criminality and to the same sense that the whole country is up for sale. Now, the U.S. State Department is backing Ahmad Chalabi in Iraq, a man sentenced to 20 years in prison for bank fraud in Jordan, while our allies in Iraqi Kurdistan are essentially gangs of people-smugglers. If the electricity in Kosovo has not been repaired after four years of occupation, there is little prospect of the lights soon coming back on in Baghdad; and with the West continuing strenuously to support criminal regimes across the Balkans, a peninsula it also occupies militarily, the message for the Iraqis is clear. ■

John Laughland is a London-based writer and lecturer and a trustee of the British Helsinki Human Rights Group.

God's Time

The Afghan war is over when the Afghans say so.

By Jim Pittaway

THERE WAS NOT MUCH doubt in my mind that Barak Atullah, the Hizb-e-Islami brigade commander, was a man to take seriously. So I listened to him during those October evenings in 1985 when we talked about all sorts of topics in the spartan officers' mess at his base camp on the southwest shoulder of Tora Bora.

I was there for two reasons: to see if I could come up with something for the *Washington Post* and to assess the capabilities and aims of Afghan-fundamentalist Gulbadin Hekmatyar's troops for my friend and interlocutor Gen. Richard G. Stilwell at the Pentagon. Stilwell got his report, and I got a piece in the *Post* titled, “The Afghan War Is Over When the Afghans Say So.” That is worth repeating because I can guarantee that many of the Afghans I know do not think the latest Afghan war is over by any means. Now that we have invaded and embarked on the occupation of another Islamic country, the views, attitudes, and perspectives of Barak Atullah and his cohorts among Islamic fundamentalist armed cadres prey on my mind.

One of the things that surprised me, not only about the brigadier but also about the entire brigade officer corps, was the length of time they had been in the field. I had assumed that these units had begun forming up, if not subsequent to the Soviet invasion in December 1979, then at least no earlier than the Soviet-engineered Tariki coup in the fall of 1977. But it turned out that most of the officers and many of the troops had defected from the Afghan army and gone into their mountain redoubts as early as 1973

and in no case later than 1976. For more than a decade, they had been enduring the privations of life in the bush, organizing defenses, and preparing strategies that would ultimately lead them to success against the overwhelmingly superior forces of a global superpower.

According to Barak Atullah and his officers, though they were well established in the field and had lines of communication, supply, and intelligence firmly developed, it was more than two years after the Soviet invasion before Hizb-e forces began to mount serious organized operations. They explained this by alluding to the Soviets' vastly superior technology and training and emphasizing their need to observe and monitor the Russians as they normalized their presence and established day-to-day routines. Only when they felt certain that the enemy had betrayed his vulnerabilities and weaknesses did Hizb-e do anything beyond small unit ambushes against targets of opportunity. As history records, once they began to move on the Soviets, the Hizb-e *mujihadeen* were a formidable and effective military adversary.

When queried regarding the conceptual framework behind this remarkable patience, the soldiers and officers of the brigade always referred back to the notion that they were serving a cause that was, to them, genuinely and explicitly sacred. In one sense, this idea of being on “God's time” led to an extraordinary degree of patience and a willingness to see their villages overrun and occupied as they watched from their

mountains with disciplined quiescence. Of at least equal importance is the sense that God's time eliminates the need for "closure," that grail with which contemporary Westerners, particularly of the American variety, can justifiably be characterized as obsessed.

Hence the alacrity with which the Bush administration declared and trumpeted its famous victory in Afghanistan before it had even secured the countryside, let alone stabilized the Afghan polity, economy, and society. By contrast, to the Hizb-e officer corps, this war, or more accu-

patience and willingness to endure harsh conditions while maintaining extraordinarily high morale that characterizes the Afghan *mujihadeen*.

If he is still alive, Barak Atullah is in some very well-fortified camp somewhere just inside the Iranian or Baluchi border. He is secure because local authorities are either sympathetic or have been bribed or intimidated, and to the Iranian or Pakistani governments the cost of taking out his base camp is prohibitive. Through his complex information-gathering network based on family

doubt expected that; it is the nature of Westerners that once they have tasted Muslim blood and touched Muslim treasure their appetite becomes insatiable. But this is always their downfall.

The connection between a man like Barak Atullah and events now unfolding in Iraq goes beyond strategic questions of dilution of his enemy's forces and efforts. Unlike his Hazara (Shi'ite) or Turkomen counterparts, as a Pathan, he would have no ethnic or tribal ties to anyone in Iraq. As a Sunni fundamentalist, he utterly despises Saddam Hussein, something he made clear to me in 1985, and he would undoubtedly consider the current situation in Iraq to be the best of all possible worlds. He is realistic enough to know that the U.S. will eventually get Saddam, but he would be equally sure that the Anglo-Saxons would never be able to secure and stabilize Iraq.

He knows that because he is something of a borderlord himself and understands what borders do and do not mean in his part of the world. To him, the lines drawn by Mr. Durand, or Messrs. Sykes and Picot are an artifice of European invention, splitting tribes and ethnic groups, slicing through millennia-old patterns of commerce and migration, and impossible to secure.

So morale is likely to be very good right now in the Hizb-e camps; patience is rewarded with improving opportunity. God's time is unfolding. It's probably not time for any major offensive yet; certainly the U.S. Special Forces troops are at least as tough as the Soviet Spetznatz and far, far better equipped. So perhaps it would be good to wait a while; maybe rocket a compound somewhere, kill another one of Karzai's lackey ministers, or blow up a bridge just to let your people know you're still out there. The U.S. may need its Rambo guys in Iraq or for Kim Jong Il, or to go and snatch the nukes in Pakistan when Musharraf goes; the way things are going, the U.S. probably will not be able to

ADVERSITY, DISCOURAGEMENT, AND SETBACKS ARE NEVER DEFEAT; DEFEAT IS AN EPISTEMOLOGICAL IMPOSSIBILITY EXCEPT IN THE EVENT THAT ONE CEASES TO BELIEVE.

ately, this phase of the ongoing war against Western intervention, can be safely said to have not yet begun. To have war, in the mind of Barak Atullah, invasion must be followed with resistance, attack with counteroffensive. Hizb-e and other like-minded organizations may be two or three years, perhaps more, away from launching a genuine counteroffensive and coherent resistance. But as long as they remain alive and can get their hands on weapons, they will surely do so.

As surely as the American soldiers and society will want to win and go home, these men do not need victory or closure in any comparable sense in order to justify their ongoing fight. *Jihad* means many things besides war, but when it means war, it speaks of war in which victory is already and timelessly assured. The *mujihadeen*, in this sense, buy into their mandated piece of the open-ended struggle between Good and Evil. Adversity, discouragement, and setbacks are never defeat; defeat is an epistemological impossibility except in the event that one ceases to believe. This is what accounts for that amazing

and tribe, he is closely monitoring what is going on in Afghanistan. With his shortwave radio he is keeping fully abreast of what is happening in the world. Deutsche Welle used to be his favorite news service, but he knows something about the utility of scanning a variety of sources that his adversaries do not. He is carefully sifting through all of this and will occasionally go to very secure and low-profile leadership conferences as he devises a campaign to punish the latest set to invade his homeland. It is not his job to drive the "coalition" out; his job is to make them pay. Allah will see that they are driven out when it is his will to do so.

Barak Atullah is not a terrorist. It is inconceivable to him that he would come and attack New York. But he probably admires bin Laden much as he hates him for being another one of those foreigners who bullied his way into Afghanistan only to bring bloodshed and hardship to the Afghan people. He no doubt hated the American invasion of Iraq but not as much as he loves it because it disperses and therefore weakens his enemy. He no

keep them here too much longer. In the meantime, it is a good idea for Hizb-e fighters to wait and see what happens; they're good at that. Then they can go and make no-quarter war in Afghanistan on God's time; they're good at that too.

Reflecting on how Barak Atullah might view his situation and the events now unfolding brings to mind some of the other Muslim fundamentalist fighters and leaders I encountered in those days. I suspect that the Ayatollah Koorushahi, the Iranian legate to the Vatican and the man many identified as the mastermind of Iranian terror, or Muhammad Hamid Abu Nast, the Supreme Guide of the Muslim Brotherhood in Egypt, or Hekmatyar himself would each view events now unfolding with a great deal of enthusiasm and optimism.

Like Barak Atullah, they would enjoy the downfall of that Stalinist Saddam. They would rejoice in the daily weakening of the moderate Arab regimes they despise. The increasing diplomatic isolation of the Anglo-Saxons and tremendous revulsion for the U.S. growing among the peoples of the world would be seen as just retribution for appalling arrogance. They would see Bush's malaprops about "crusades" and his administration's alienation of all sectors of the Muslim community as a gutting of the organism of the War on Terror, which, a year or so ago they would have seen as extremely dangerous to them. They would know that the army and police colonels who know them best, and whose collaboration with the West is indispensable to the counterterror campaign, will be further mired in ambivalence each day that U.S. occupation of the Muslim heartland proceeds. ■

Jim Pittaway is a freelance writer who has lived and worked in the Middle East. His work has appeared in the Washington Post and the Atlantic Monthly. He lives in Missoula, Mont.

Nation Busting

The trouble with globalism

By Robert Locke

GLOBALISM IS A central issue of our time, but its definition has become slippery. It is confused with globalization, an error that globalists deliberately encourage. The two are fundamentally different: globalization is an historical process, a fact of how things are, but globalism is an ideology, a set of opinions about how things ought to be.

Globalism is the ideology that advocates the liquidation of nations. Its opposite is nationalism. Globalization, on the other hand, is not an ideology at all. Ultimately, it is just the growth of communications and trade, and it has been happening since 1492. The classic lie about globalization is its recency. For example, when did it first become possible to send \$100 million from New York to London at the push of a button? 1976? 1966? 1956? No, 1866, when the trans-Atlantic telegraph opened.

Globalism the ideology masquerades as globalization the fact in order to gain sympathy by feigning inevitability. Debates on its desirability are portrayed as futile. But if it is inevitable, why must its advocates push so aggressively?

Globalism is a deliberate political choice, no more inevitable than socialism. Its key exemplars like the United Nations, free-trade extremism, the European Union, and mass immigration are political constructs that could be abolished tomorrow. This is not true of such aspects of globalization as the Internet, the passenger jet, or the 40-foot container.

Globalization can exist without globalism. World trade as a percentage of world GNP was roughly as high in the

pre-1914 heyday of the gold standard and European imperialism as it is today, but the Western world was then staunchly nationalist. The anti-nationalist spin that is put on trade today is not an intrinsic part of the exchange of goods and services with foreigners. Japan has based her economy on exports for 50 years without ceasing to be one of the most nationalistic and culturally distinctive nations on earth.

The problem with globalism is not free markets but free-market extremism, a peculiar kind of right-wing Jacobinism that has no place in authentic conservatism. In the U.S., this means taking free trade beyond its common-sense limit of reciprocity with friendly nations and opening our markets to nations, like Japan, which keep their markets closed to us, and China, which nakedly proclaim their military hostility to us.

Globalism is sometimes confused with internationalism in order to depict resistance to globalism as resistance to fruitful co-operation between nations. But internationalism, whatever mischief it may produce, is predicated on relations between nations, precluding their outright dissolution. Unfortunately, it is a small and intellectually seductive jump from believing in co-operation between nations to believing that the co-operative arrangements can be abstracted to function on their own without the nations that produced them. Many former internationalists are now globalists.

Globalism appeals to the libertarian Right because this group mistakenly equates the liquidation of nations with a

reduction in the power of their governments. But this does not follow. Open borders, for example, benefit immigrants at the expense of citizens and nourish big government by importing poverty and other social pathologies. Worse, the decline of national governments, as Britain has learned under the European Union, is often accompanied by the growth of more distant, more autocratic, and less accountable authorities. The erosion of a nation can easily proceed hand-in-hand with the cancerous bloat of its government: just look at the suffocation of Russia under the dead hand of the Soviet state.

Because of the ascendancy of neo-conservatism during the time that globalism has flowered, it has been suggested, both by paleoconservatives and by certain elements on the Left, that the two are identical. But although neoconservatism is almost always globalist, it is not intrinsically identical with globalism. Neoconservatism is conservatism corrupted by globalism.

REPRODUCING THE AMERICAN SYSTEM WORLDWIDE ULTIMATELY IMPLIES WORLD GOVERNMENT, AS INTELLECTUALLY HONEST GLOBALISTS HAVE ADMITTED.

Neoconservatives adopted globalist ideas because they made sense for winning the Cold War. They did not, however, adapt when that war ended, and these ideas have run riot now that the constraints imposed by that war have gone. The desirability of exporting capitalism and a worldwide military presence are both Cold War ideas. They once served a vital American interest by undermining the Soviet Union, but they do nothing for us now. Exporting capitalism today merely enhances foreign nations' competitiveness against us. This had some consolations when it made Japan the bastion of capitalism in

East Asia. It has none today, when her long-term geopolitical interests are not identical with ours and she is financing the economic growth of an openly hostile China.

It took two World Wars and a Cold War to undo America's allegiance to George Washington's warning against "entangling alliances" and to drag us into a worldwide military presence, but given that the founders had no experience of ideological aggression like Marxism, this was rational under the circumstances. Those circumstances are, however, over. Al-Qaeda is not the USSR. Furthermore, because of its religious character, a return to America's Christian particularism—rather than the construction of the kind of counter-universalism we arrayed against the universalist pretensions of Marxism—is the needed strategy against it.

It is sophistry to invent messianic objectives for American foreign policy in order to rationalize an obsolete habit of projecting power. Sometimes military

presence abroad is called for, but our default presumption in favor of projecting power into any available vacuum has led us into pointless involvements in places like Bosnia, Somalia, and Haiti. It is one thing to project power in order to shape the international order in favor of real American security interests but quite another to do so out of some ideological mission to replicate our system all over the world.

Reproducing the American system worldwide ultimately implies world government, as intellectually honest globalists like Clinton Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott have admitted.

Globalism is often equated with world government, but this is a half-truth. Though the drive to create world government rationalizes globalism, destroying the nation-state can go on whether or not world government is built on its carcass. The drive to create world government could fail, and, having dismantled viable nation-states, globalists could leave the world in chaos.

Globalism also emerged because both Right and Left responded to the Cold War by interpreting their missions as a supranational battle of ideas rather than the well-being of the concrete American nation. As a result, at the end of the Cold War, both the dumber elements of the world Right and the smarter elements of the world Left came to the same conclusion: the nation-state was obsolete as a vehicle for furthering their ideas. The Right wanted more capitalism, the Left wanted more equality, and the nation-state, a natural bulwark against extremism of either kind, stood in the way of both. So they set about undermining it.

The smart Left has admitted to itself—whether the dumb Left that forms its rent-a-mob gets it—that capitalism cannot be overthrown. If the inevitability of capitalism makes economic equality within nations unattainable, the next-best thing is economic equality between nations. To see free-trade extremism build up the incomes of the Chinese at the same time as it impoverishes American manufacturing workers is immensely satisfying to them. Some have openly said so.

Because the smart Left has abandoned socialism, it no longer wants the strong nation-states that central planning implied. It now sees the existence of separate nations as an unacceptable redoubt of human inequality. Separate nations give peoples with histories of brilliant political and economic achievement, like Englishmen and Americans, the free and prosperous lives that their forebears have earned while at the same

time consigning peoples of inferior ancestral achievement to lesser existences. Therefore, erasing the distinctions between nations—the “borderless world”—is the new leftist egalitarian project. Mass immigration into the First World from the Third is a key part of this project, because it forces the citizens of the First World to share their superior way of life. Globalism’s socialist roots are clear in that it denies that nations are the property of their citizens, property they are not obliged to share with foreigners.

The “technocratic” Left, which is just the power-hungry Left grown sophisticated, sees global institutions as a way to achieve policies that could never be imposed by national governments subject to democratic accountability. Because national sovereignty is the key barrier to achieving this, globalism attacks national sovereignty.

National cultural identity gives peoples an emotional attachment to their national sovereignty, so globalism attacks national cultural identity too. In America, this assault takes the form of PC assaults on American history and the revision of American culture to a universalist culture. In Britain, it takes the form of guilt over long-vanished and frequently defensible colonialism. In Germany, it equates any German nationalism with the Third Reich. In the Third World, it takes the form of imported American junk culture.

Globalism is contemptuous of any culture that cannot be bought and sold. It wants a homogeneous commercial pop culture designed to narcotize docile consumers and make the rootless cosmopolitanism that it produces seem sophisticated. Philosophically, globalism views culture as an arbitrary particularity or as mere entertainment.

Globalism does not value the distinct cultures of the world: it is only interested in Third-World cultures as a means to

subvert the historic cultures of the First World. Its cultural incoherence, which postmodernism tries to systematize and aestheticize, is a product of its split between the right-globalist impulse to make culture commercial and the left-globalist impulse to make it subversive.

If this subversive itch sounds familiar, that is because globalism is the key successor to Marxism. It claims to represent the inevitable outcome of the laws

military supremacy. This is sold as a means to maintain American security, but in fact the agenda is to uphold the globalized world order. Their ultimate intellectual coup is to redefine American security not as our ability to protect ourselves from harm—globalists have no interest in defending our actual borders—but as the security of the globalist system (which we are falsely told is just America writ large) worldwide.

GLOBALISM GRATIFIES THE SAME PATHOLOGIES AS MARXISM AND IS PERFECT FOR DISILLUSIONED INTELLECTUALS LOOKING FOR A NEW HOME.

of economics and a more efficient form of economic organization. It claims to serve the well-being of the populace but requires an elite cadre of experts to impose it. It claims to be independent of any particular nation, but it depends utterly on one nation’s military power to enforce its system. And rather than coinciding with the “withering away of the state,” it in fact requires the expansion of government power.

Globalism gratifies the same mental pathologies as Marxism and is therefore perfect for disillusioned intellectuals looking for a new home. It claims to be an empirical theory but is in fact a “beautiful idea” invented in the abstract, which can only be maintained by ruthlessly concealing or rationalizing away inconvenient facts. It offers its devotees the opportunity to believe that they are a special in-group that is more advanced than everyone else. And like Marxism, globalism has a genius for inspiring disloyalty to one’s country.

Like Marxists, globalists realize they need global military domination to impose their vision, so they set about manipulating America into providing it. Their basic doctrine is that the United States must project power wherever it is lacking and maintain indefinite global

Ironically, globalism is often depicted as a mask of American self-interest. It is indeed used as a rationalization for some assertions of American power, but it also inexorably dissolves the very bases of this power because the United States, as the most open society on earth, is singularly vulnerable to its corrosive forces. We can call this the “neo-contradiction.” For example, American free trade with China builds up China’s industrial base, yet we presume we will always be so much richer than China that we will endlessly be able to afford to contain her military expansionism. Worse, this same trade depletes our own industrial base and economy, reducing tax revenues and forcing us to borrow from Japan to pay for expensive military deployments. This arrangement gives Japan a quiet veto on our use of force.

Advocates of indefinite American global hegemony project American economic dominance into the future with the insouciance of a British colonial secretary *circa* 1889. They cannot ask hard questions about the significance of relative economic power because globalism seduces America’s power elite precisely because of this unstated assumption that America will effortlessly dominate a globalized world.

They are in for a rude awakening, and soon. If the dollar falls by half—the standard estimate for what it would take to bring our unsustainable trade deficit back into balance—we will have to double our contributions to international organizations in order to maintain our clout. In fact, all our international spending will have to double to retain our position.

If America's share of world GNP, now at 25 percent, falls to 12 or 13 percent, which is what this decline implies, we will no longer have the weight in the world economy to play as large a role in setting its rules as we now do. The prestige and credibility of the so-called American model of economics will decline too. The world will not listen to the idealistic economics of a declining nation.

The longer we premise our foreign policy on being the sole superpower, the harder our fall will be. The sooner we abandon this delusion, the easier will be our return to our natural status as a large, prosperous, and powerful nation—among others. The sooner we face the inevitability of a multi-polar world, the more of a head start we can have in arranging our place within its inevitably complex web of alliances.

Here at home, globalist neocons assume continued Republican dominance even though their devotion to mass immigration is destroying the Republican Party by importing Democratic voters. But because, for globalists, ideologies are more real than empirical facts, those globalists continue to spin contorted verbal rationalizations to cover up this fact of political demography.

Foreigners, please understand that the aspects of American policy you find obnoxious are really aspects of globalism. Therefore, you should be anti-globalist, not anti-American, just as America was anti-communist, not anti-Russian. ■

Robert Locke works in the computer business in New York City.

Watchful Eyes

To fight crime, Britain attacks civil liberties.

By Peter Hitchens

LONDON—Travelers on London's decrepit bus system face many miseries and are surrounded by many signs of this great city's decay and decline. Dirt, menace, delay, overcrowding, and graffiti are just some of them. These things are normal in Britain as it prepares to apply for full membership in the Third World, perhaps the first cold, wet country to qualify.

But the most shocking indication of national crisis is the recent appearance of posters intended to reassure riders that—despite all appearances to the contrary—they are safe from crime. These posters can only be described as sinister. They depict a red double-decker bus crossing a bridge over the Thames. In the sky are four disembodied eyes, looking down from the heavens. The legend reads, "Secure beneath the watchful eyes, CCTV [Closed Circuit TV] and Metropolitan Police on buses are just two ways we're making your journey more secure."

This is not a joke. In the city where George Orwell set *1984*, citizens are supposed to be reassured and pleased by the fact that they are under almost constant remote surveillance. Perhaps some are comforted, though the record of spy cameras in preventing or detecting crime is, to put it gently, patchy. The notorious abduction of a tiny child, James Bulger, actually took place under the lifeless gaze of such cameras, which recorded the fatal moment but—being mere technology—failed to call out a

warning. James was murdered a few hours later.

The centers of many British cities, and plenty of other public spaces, are now scanned by these devices, though it is not clear whether anyone is actually watching the transmissions or that the images they produce are clear enough to be used in subsequent prosecutions. An estimated 1.5 million such cameras whirr and blink in all parts of our small country, a figure that does not include privately owned equipment.

Even where they are effective, they do not truly deter or prevent crime and at best displace it. The response of wrongdoers is either to move into the suburbs, where cameras are rarer, or to wear hoods while they do their muggings and perform their acts of vandalism.

The watchful eyes are not the only example of the curious new phenomenon of popular, or at least populist attacks, on liberty. In recent years, Britain has experienced a strange combination of disorder and illiberalism, in which crime and misbehavior are used as the pretexts for measures and methods that would once have seemed laughable in a free country. The supposed War on Terror, which began soon after the British government had surrendered to the terrorist Irish Republican Army following a 30-year conflict, has accelerated this process. There is not the slightest sign that the restriction of liberty or the surveillance have done anything to curb crime, but the process continues any-

way, supported in varying degree by all mainstream politicians.

British police officers, once famous for having no guns, now carry weapons with increasing frequency and will, in the foreseeable future, be routinely armed. Often they appear in militaristic garb, including battledress and even camouflage. The old, deliberately understated uniform has for the most part been abandoned, though keen watchers can occasionally spot a traditional helmeted officer. The disappearance of the legendary "Bobby" is often blamed on manpower shortages. But these are mythical. There are more police officers per head of population than there have ever been. They just no longer do the jobs for which the public thought it had hired them.

Yet while there is less law, there is more power. For instance, Americans used to the Bill of Rights may be shocked to learn that accused persons here no longer have an absolute right to remain silent. If they do so, the jury may be invited to draw conclusions from their silence, and their defenses may be prejudiced.

These changes in law and methods are only part of a general increase in naked authority, accompanied by a paradoxical increase in the rights of accused criminals, deemed by the modern Left to be sufferers in need of consideration rather than malefactors in need of retribution. The Police and Criminal Evidence Act of 1984, followed by the incorporation of the European Charter of Human Rights into British law, have made prosecutions of the guilty extraordinarily difficult. One form badly filled in, one tiny breach of the code of practice at a line-up, and the case collapses. Sir David Phillips, Chief Constable of the county of Kent, recently complained, "The purpose of a trial is to find out the truth. But we no longer have trials about who did it—the trial is

always about whether somebody broke the rules in trying to find out who did it." The police certainly seem to have extraordinarily bad luck in catching the right person. Nearly one case in eight falls apart before it comes to court. Acquittals have risen to extraordinary levels. In Liverpool, 79 percent of defendants in contested trials went free during the year 2000, many of these because the judge had directed an acquittal. I visited the Liverpool courthouse last year and was told unofficially that unpunished witness intimidation was widespread and successful, as is intimidation of jurors themselves. Police privately blame prosecutors for making a mess of too many cases. Prosecutors privately blame the police for the same thing. Both accuse defense attorneys of unscrupulous use of tactics. Juries themselves, once composed of respectable, mature householders are now largely bereft of the middle class or the skilled working class. Educated people have become very good at avoiding jury service, seen as a chore rather than a privilege, and the minimum age for jury service is 18, greatly increasing the like-

darkness. The results are dubious.

While drug-taking is acknowledged as a major cause of crime, the possession of marijuana is no longer prosecuted in many areas, especially parts of London that have since become even busier drug-marts than they were before. Schools teach children "harm reduction" techniques rather than advising them that drug-taking is wrong. Unsurprisingly, illegal drug use and the concomitant theft and aggressive begging continue to increase. The use of illegal guns by criminals, often but not always linked to drug-trafficking, is now becoming a serious problem. Armed crime and savage violence are at levels unknown for a century.

There are many possible responses to this mess. We could build more prisons, and bring those that exist back under the control of the authorities rather than of the inmates as they are now. Reintroducing the police foot patrols abandoned in the 1960s might be one helpful step.

Reintroducing some sort of property or educational qualification for jurors might be another. None of these is con-

AMERICANS MAY BE SHOCKED TO LEARN THAT ACCUSED PERSONS HERE NO LONGER HAVE AN ABSOLUTE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT.

lihood that jurors will be anti-establishment and cool towards the police.

British prisons are crowded, often squalid, undisciplined, and full of illegal drugs. The danger of disorder is avoided by installing television sets in cells and similar sorts of appeasement. There are no plans, however, to build many more. Instead, sentences are automatically halved for most convicts, and many are released early with electronic tags around their ankles that are meant to restrict them to their homes during the hours of

templated. Instead, the response is to pass new and more draconian laws, most of which will remain unenforced by police and courts—and to attack the civil liberties of the law-abiding majority. We could restore the death penalty, whose abolition was immediately followed by the growth in armed and violent crime. Instead, the state bans the law-abiding from owning guns.

Police forces face a purge of conservative elements following the Stephen Lawrence affair. Mr. Lawrence, a young

black man of good family and exemplary background, was foully murdered in South London 1993, almost certainly for racial reasons. The police and prosecution authorities failed to bring his murderer or murderers to justice. An attempted prosecution also collapsed, making it impossible to try these suspects again. A political campaign then began, which suggested that this failure was due to police racism. After a lengthy inquiry, Sir William Macpherson was unable to find any evidence that the police would have handled the investigation differently had Stephen Lawrence been white. He instead concluded that the Metropolitan Police were "institutionally racist," a charge that provided the pretext for a widespread change in police culture. Most British police forces still contain large numbers of socially and culturally conservative veteran officers, but they also contain a growing number of younger,

Prime Minister Tony Blair's administration, which campaigned on the interesting slogan "Tough on Crime, Tough on the Causes of Crime," is particularly keen on such illiberalism. It has made several attempts to limit jury trial and would clearly like to abolish it as a universal right. A subservient House of Commons, now a salaried Supreme Soviet, would happily do this. Only the House of Lords, where a few uncowed spirits still survive, has so far resisted it. But the Lords grow weaker each year and will soon be overborne. Unpaid justices of the peace in the lower courts, long seen as a guarantee of independence, are increasingly being replaced by centrally appointed and centrally paid magistrates. On the excuse of combating terrorism, the government has breached the principles of *habeas corpus* by introducing detention without trial. It would like to be able to lock up people with "personality disorders," to

always makes governments and police forces look like guardians of the public rather than of the state.

Proper conservatives in Britain have been frustrated and infuriated by the way in which so many of their supposed allies, both at home and abroad, have willingly allowed themselves to be deceived by the Blair government. Credulous and unobservant, they have listened to Downing Street's well-tuned propaganda and accepted that Mr. Blair is another Thatcher, sympathetic to liberty, a friend of the middle class, and the enemy of his party's radical levelers. Anyone who can continue to believe this in the face of Mr. Blair's record on education, the married family, the maintenance of our armed forces, the constitution, state intervention, and taxation is beyond my help. Those who imagine that his support for the alleged war against terror and the recent war against Iraq makes him a new Churchill merely display their historical ignorance. Time, one hopes, will undeceive them.

But it is in this government's relentless assault on the ancient liberties that form the basis of English-speaking civilization that any observer must surely find the proof that we are here dealing with a regime of the destructive Left. Regrettably, the British Conservative Party shares some of the guilt, though a few of its leading members have recently begun to show a belated concern for liberty. Since it is, for most purposes, an egalitarian Social Democratic party with some relics of Toryism in its psychology, this posture is not wholly surprising. Many of Labour's worst measures were prefigured or attempted in the Thatcher years by Conservative politicians who wished to appear ferocious for electoral purposes but who had no real intention of reintroducing proper justice into the courts.

They too are seduced by the idea that there are "causes of crime" that can be solved by taxation and political power

ON THE EXCUSE OF COMBATING TERRORISM, THE GOVERNMENT HAS BREACHED THE PRINCIPLES OF *HABEAS CORPUS* BY INTRODUCING DETENTION WITHOUT TRIAL.

college-educated, culturally and socially liberal recruits. It is likely that Macpherson's report greatly strengthened the hands of the new type of policeman.

The Macpherson report also led to calls for the abolition of the ancient protection against being tried twice. Hard cases, as ever, make bad law. But in this case the passionate belief that the failure to convict anyone for Stephen Lawrence's death was a symptom of deep racial prejudice led many on the Left to believe that a second trial was justified in this case. Thus those who consider themselves political liberals found they were lined up behind one of the most illiberal measures ever put forward by a modern government.

prevent them from committing crimes. It will shortly permit courts in other states of the European Union (which almost all lack juries, the presumption of innocence, and *habeas corpus*) to order the arrest of British citizens without the need for extradition, quite possibly for crimes that do not even exist in this country. In fact, the growing importance of EU law in Britain may lead to the *de facto* imposition of continental methods here, where the state is prosecutor, judge, and jury. A European Police Force already exists and is gathering to itself all kinds of "federal" powers that will initially be deployed against corruption and drug-dealing, those grandstand crimes whose prosecution

rather than by what the Anglican Prayer Book calls "the punishment of wickedness and vice." The delusion that redistribution from the respectable and the striving to the rest will improve behavior is still powerful among them, along with a deep unwillingness to punish an actual individual for an actual offence. They should know better. The middle classes are not good because they are prosperous, but prosperous because they are good. Left alone to reap the rewards of that goodness, these classes will grow until they encompass most of the population, and their moral values of self-restraint and respect for the rule of law will come to be shared by the huge majority. Power will then be transferred from the state to the individual, and liberty of all kinds will flourish. Those who will not behave can then be punished sternly without threatening the liberty of anyone else.

Take the other course, undermine individual moral choice and the power of the family, assume that all goodness and benevolence lies with the ruler, treat people as if they require subsidies before they can be expected to behave well, confiscate the rewards of diligence, and abolish the absolute right of property, and you get the explosion of selfish crime and disorder that too many Western societies are now experiencing.

That explosion in turn provides the excuse for the state to take more powers to restrict the liberty of the individual and to levy more taxes. The end of the process is egalitarian absolutism, controlled by a corrupt and remote authority, where power cancels out law. "Tough on crime, tough on the causes of crime" is an excellent slogan for a would-be totalitarian. ■

Peter Hitchens is a columnist for the London Mail on Sunday and the author of The Abolition of Britain. His latest book is A Brief History of Crime.

France, a Dissent

America turns into *l'enfant terrible*.

By Fred Reed

SOMETIMES A WRITER craves to bare his soul and lighten his burden of hidden sin—yes, to admit that he hasn't always lived as a Christian, that he has played cards in low dives and done shameful things with floozies in foreign ports. He wants to make a clean breast of it before the world, to say, "There. You see me in all my sordid sorrow and moral wretchedness. Forgive me if you can." Well, I'm at that pass. I'm going to confess.

I like the French.

All right. I'll leave town. (Actually, come to think of it, I've left town.)

Yes, I've written harsh things about the French. The French like the French awfully well, and I figured that here was a teeter-totter that needed some balance to it. So I laughed at them. There was no malice in it. I was just being professionally disagreeable.

But now our tub-thumping patriots are whooping it up most frightfully against France. Why? Because the French saw no reason to blow up Arabs in a contrived war of dissembled purpose. Neither did I. Nor do I remember that the French are corporals in our army. Besides, if we don't support their opposition to the war, why shouldn't they oppose our support?

The patriots call the French "cheese-eating surrender monkeys." It's embarrassing—though not because they insult the French. I just wish we had a patriot who sounded more than eleven years old.

I grant you that the French are imperfect. They live on a reputation they do not deserve. I refer to their famous intol-

erance of visiting Americans, which is a tourist attraction, listed in travel guides. One expects a Parisian to sight down his nose as if taking a measurement, and sniff, and be supercilious.

But no. You cannot trust a Frenchman.

In former years I often went to Paris for the Air Show. Always the French were tiresomely civil. I had expected the heathen rudeness one associates with moral crusaders. I considered bringing a case at law: I had spent all that money in expectation of gorgeous churlishness and didn't get any.

I waited everywhere for lightning to flash, for some spark to ignite the powder magazines of Gallic abrasiveness. Surely something would provoke them to vile manners. In particular, I had been warned that they would not suffer Americans who had not been born with a perfect fluency in French.

The rascals would not perform. My wife of the moment entered a drugstore in Paris to buy cough syrup. She thought she was asking for medicine, but was in fact asking for a doctor ("*médecin*"). The help were astonished as she went about peering at shelves, in the apparent belief that in France doctors were kept in little boxes. When the mistake was understood, the French laughed. They were friendly and helpful. It was low treachery.

Patriotism is more confusing than Japanese camera instructions. Russia, Germany, and France opposed our lunge into Mesopotamia. Which of these villains has done America the most harm?

Russia, I recall, forced us to spend trillions for defense that might better have gone for counterproductive social programs and supplied our enemies in every war from Korea to Vietnam. Germany caused some little trouble in the Forties. But whom do patriots hate? France. The Russians after all can make no one feel inadequate. They wear baggy pants. Germans eat sausage. They polka.

Patriots make much of the dismal record of the French in matters military. Well, yes. It's hard to argue with failure. I note, however, that the French have Germany on their borders, a condition associated with military failure for everybody enjoying the same circumstances. Ameri-

French can fight well when led by foreigners.) But—correct me if I'm wrong—did the French not produce Zola, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Laplace, Galois, the lovely prose of Alexis De Tocqueville, and indeed about 12,000 shelf-feet of such like? For this, perhaps, they can be forgiven Simone de Beauvoir and those unnecessary existentialists.

If only patriots whooped who had heard of these people, we might have rather less whooping. And if you are going to eat cheese while surrendering, you might as well eat good cheese.

If the French have declined in war since Napoleon, they still have style. I wish we had some. Our current emperor

America once had a brash, rough, leather-breeches style with a cornpone but genuine appeal. The genius of America was the pawky outsider laughing at European pretensions, the lethal wit of Twain, Bierce, Mencken, and Hunter Thompson. The country wielded canny frontiersman like Davy Crockett, enjoyed the cracker-barrel shrewdness of Andrew Jackson, who figured that Bourbon belonged in branch water and not on a throne.

Thing is, backwoods virility doesn't well make the transition to suburbia. The American unease with ideas didn't sit badly on Huck Finn, Daniel Boone, or, in the Heroic Age of American technology, the buzz-cut engineers working on Apollo. But put Tom Sawyer on Ritalin in deliberately crippled suburban schools to keep him from being a boy; teach him that to be manly is sexist and that to be educated is elitist; wean him from independence and self-determination but give him nothing to replace them; rigorously discourage intellectual enterprise—and you get the polar opposite of a Frenchman.

Europeans, and assuredly the French, like to believe that the tremulous age of Europe makes them proof against the jejune lurchings of the young United States. I see blessed little evidence of it. But there is something appalling in the boobish anti-civilization now eagerly embraced by America. Much of our noisy patriotism is not readily distinguished from the barroom tantrums of congenitally hostile louts. We have a president who probably thinks Oat Cuisine is something one feeds to horses. I'm not sure that, before we put our own house in order, we are a position to look down too scornfully on the French. ■

Fred Reed's writing has appeared in the Wall Street Journal, Washington Post, Harper's, and National Review, among other places.

YOU CAN LOOK AT ALMOST ANY FRENCH MINISTER WITHOUT SUSPECTING THAT HE WAS DRESSED BY HIS MOTHER.

cans cannot always distinguish between military prowess and the Atlantic Ocean. In fact, a great many Americans cannot find the Atlantic Ocean.

The Yankee record in festive slaughter may not be quite as good as we puff it up to be. The United States came late to the parade of World War I after everybody else had done the fighting and declared itself victorious. America won splendidly in World War II, drew in Korea, and lost in Vietnam. The United States has only a fairish record in wars against helpless countries: lost in Cuba, Somalia, Lebanon, Cambodia, and Laos, but won in Grenada, Panama, Iraq I, and, maybe, Iraq II and Afghanistan II. In our record of wars won we rank high in the standings and would make the playoffs, but on the percentages the British look better.

Now, I grant you that the French have done the usual irreparable damage to civilization that countries do when they can. Napoleon was a preening little scourge, yes. (He did show that the

always gives the impression that he has just finished eating a peanut-butter sandwich. His speeches might be the winning entry in a seventh-grade elocution contest in Texarkana. By contrast, you can look at almost any French minister without suspecting that he was dressed by his mother, and the merest of them radiates an air of worldly understanding and intelligence that would get him jailed in America. A French cab driver has more class than a congressman, and probably fewer gravy stains.

The French respect intelligence, whereas we are deeply suspicious of it. I'm not sure that intelligence has much place in diplomacy, other than to let one make bad choices in better prose. Still, misjudgment engaged in with class at least makes better reading for later students of history. Whatever their failings, the French do not cultivate boorishness as a compulsory credential of democracy, lie systematically to their children, or endeavor to crush intellectual endeavor. We didn't either, once.

When Terrorism Works

The Saudi pullback is a win for bin Laden.

By Richard Cummings

AS FAST AS historian Niall Ferguson can say "The Rise and Demise of the British World Order," the American successor he has called for has retreated in the face of terrorism. And just as the Jewish terrorists in Palestine, through the Irgun and the Stern Gang, drove the British out and created Israel, the Arabs, through al-Qaeda and Hamas, are achieving their objectives of driving the Americans out of Saudi Arabia and creating a Palestinian state.

While all of this has been obfuscated by Donald Rumsfeld's victory lap and George W. Bush's proclamation of triumph in Iraq, the fact remains that the rationale for the war in Iraq, to rid the country of weapons of mass destruction, was nothing more than a smoke-screen. And while certain intelligence officials in the CIA and Britain's MI6 fume over the misuse of information those agencies provided Bush and Blair, George Tenet always knew WMDs were the functional equivalent of the specious "sinking" of the battleship Maine by the Spanish and the so-called attack on American naval vessels at Tonkin as justifications for war. Moreover, the discredited information regarding Saddam Hussein's nuclear program and reliance on an obsolete academic dissertation suggest manipulation of public opinion so that an invasion of Iraq, pursuant to United Nations Resolution 1441, could stand up under international law.

What, then, was the real reason for the invasion of Iraq? And does anyone even remember that Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, the *de facto*

ruler, announced that he would ask America to leave after Saddam Hussein was vanquished and the war was over?

What this really has to do with is Osama bin Laden and the effectiveness of terrorism. After the United States led the first war with Iraq, it continued to keep its strengthened military presence in Saudi Arabia. Bin Laden, who supported that war, concluded that the real reason America did not finish the job and allowed Saddam to remain in power was so it could justify what he considered its occupation of the Muslim Holy Land. To devout Muslims, this was a sacrilege and the ultimate justification for bin Laden's declaration of war. It was the rallying cry that enabled him to recruit thousands of young Muslims, many of them from Saudi Arabia, to wage war against America. And while Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage arrogantly declared that America had every right to keep its troops in

After bin Laden's father's death, the Saudi royal family raised him, and until the aftermath of the first Gulf War, he was loyal. If it expelled the Americans, he was prepared to let it survive. Only later did he adopt the cause of the Palestinians as another rallying cry, claiming that the Americans were the supporters of Israel, which was brutalizing fellow Arabs and Muslims with arms provided by the United States. But even Defense Minister Prince Sultan, who is not favorably disposed to the United States, knew that Saudi Arabia could not expel the Americans until the threat of Saddam Hussein was eliminated.

In a move designed to save Saudi royal skin, Prince Abdullah removed Prince Turki as Minister of Intelligence, where he was known to have direct lines of communication to bin Laden and al-Qaeda, and installed him as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. From this vantage point, Prince Turki was able to make the case to Tony Blair that the threat of terrorism would be greatly reduced if Britain and America got rid of Saddam Hussein so the Americans could be evicted. And even after Prince Turki's

SEPTEMBER 11 AROSE PRECISELY BECAUSE **SOME MUSLIMS BELIEVED THAT AMERICA HAD TO BE DRIVEN OUT OF SAUDI ARABIA.**

Saudi Arabia because we were, according to Muslim tradition, a "people of the book," bin Laden took exception.

Sept. 11 arose precisely because some Muslims believed that America had to be driven out of Saudi Arabia. And while Saddam Hussein's major objective was to destroy the Saudi royal family, this was only bin Laden's contingent objective.

departure from the Saudi intelligence agency, he continued to keep the lines of communication open to al-Qaeda. It was no accident that a key Saudi diplomat was expelled from Germany recently for meeting with suspected al-Qaeda-cell members whom German intelligence had kept under surveillance. Meanwhile, Prince Turki and Prince Bandar, the

Saudi ambassador to the United States and a longtime friend of the Bush family, continued to press the case that America had to push for a Palestinian state, with at least compensation for the refugees, even as the Saudis, through private charities, gave sustenance to Hamas.

Aware of all of these realities, Tenet consistently advised Bush that a war against Iraq was essential so America could yield to the most important terrorist demand—that it leave Saudi Arabia. And Blair jumped aboard, knowing full well that Prince Turki was making him an offer he could not refuse. If Britain joined the effort to get rid of Saddam Hussein so the American forces could leave, even as the Saudis publicly denounced the war, Britain's power and prestige in the Middle East would be restored. This would give it leverage in the European Union against France and Germany when it finally dumped the

pound and adopted the Euro. If Blair did not go along and American troops remained in Saudi Arabia, their presence would undoubtedly inflame anti-British sentiment as well, since Britain was America's closest ally. In such case, Britain, with its hotbed of militant Muslims, would go up in flames. So while joining the war in Iraq might cause British Muslims to desert Blair's Labour Party for the antiwar Liberal Democrats, not ousting Saddam Hussein would inevitably have even riskier consequences.

It all worked, and now the Americans are pulling out entirely from Saudi Arabia, abandoning the Prince Sultan air base, and relocating its operations to Qatar, while reducing its military presence in the Middle East entirely, on the orders of Donald Rumsfeld. And just as this is happening, on cue, messengers have arrived in Israel to hand Ariel Sharon the terms of the "road map" for

the creation of a Palestinian state by 2005. While Sharon puts on a brave face and has his ambassador to Washington, Daniel Ayalon, say that removing Saddam Hussein was not enough and that there had to be regime changes in Syria and Iran before Israel could make a deal with the Palestinians, and insists he will keep the settlements and offer a state on only a portion of the West Bank, he knows the game is up. Bush means business. He better, or else the Saudis will play their other card and dump the dollar for the Euro, leaving America as broke as a banana republic, with no means to finance its gigantic debt with foreign purchasers of Treasury notes. Or even worse, there will be another major terrorist attack on American soil. Or both.

To enable him to make good on his promise to Blair and the Saudis to create a Palestinian state, Bush has enlisted Tenet to assist the new Palestinian security chief, Muhammad Dahlan, and the new Palestinian Prime Minister, Mahmoud Abbas (Abu Mazen) in what will inevitably be a Palestinian civil war in Gaza, as they mount an offensive to destroy Hamas.

Jeff O'Connell, a former head of the CIA station in Tel Aviv, has returned to set up a special department to monitor the "implementation" of the road map. Joining this effort will be Palestinian Authority "policemen" trained by the CIA in Virginia in marksmanship, ambush, advanced sabotage, and targeted murders. Dahlan will destroy Hamas, but the Palestinians will have their state with Arafat as its president. Soon enough, the Americans will be out of Iraq, and for the first time in their history, the Arabs will be united. Does terrorism work? Don't even ask that question. But Osama bin Laden knows the answer. Wherever he is. ■

Richard Cummings writes and lectures on international relations.

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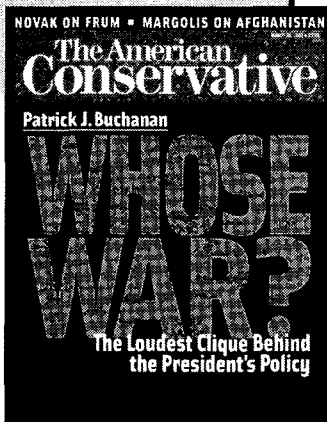
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Arts & Letters

FILM

[*Better Luck Tomorrow*]

The Joy Unlucky Club

By Steve Sailer

JUSTIN LIN'S "Better Luck Tomorrow" is an entertaining and stylish micro-budget teen drama about affluent Asian-American honor students who turn to crime.

It has been widely praised by reviewers for being about characters who supposedly "could have walked out of any high school in the country," as the *San Francisco Chronicle* claimed. This assumption that "Better Luck Tomorrow" is not about race simply proves how oblivious white critics are to the quiet anger of many young Asian-American males.

Without the racial angle, this tale of a gun-toting, cocaine-dealing national champion Academic Decathlon team would be tired and a little silly. As an allegory of the sexual frustrations faced by Asian youths in Southern California's multiracial mating market, however, "Better Luck Tomorrow" is compelling.

At an upscale Orange County high school, three Ivy-League-bound brainiacs, along with a lowbrow cousin, take up shoplifting and stealing exams. They don't need the money—Daric, the ring-leader, lives alone in his own house while his parents reside abroad—but they desperately need to be more cool.

At a party, a white football player harasses Daric for wearing a letterman's jacket when he's only on the tennis

team. Punches fly, and suddenly Daric pulls a gun on the astonished jock, pistol-whipping him to the ground. His junior partners—immature Virgil and Ben, the Everynerd who narrates the film in the style of Ray Liotta in "Goodfellas"—put the boot in too. Terrified of being arrested at school on Monday—"How would that look on my college apps?"—Ben instead finds that he's finally studly in the eyes of his classmates. He's a gangsta!

Intoxicated by their new hip-hop image, they soon are efficiently supplying the student body with drugs. This gets them invited to party with all the cliques. In an Asian twist to this old plot, they still have to keep their grades up and practice for the SAT, though, or their parents will stop complacently ignoring them. (Implausibly for Asians, no parents are ever seen in the movie).

Worse, their new hip-hop glamour still can't get them a date, although they manage to lose their virginities to a bottle-blond hooker in Las Vegas, the unlikely host city for the national Academic Decathlon finals.

Almost all the characters in "Better Luck Tomorrow" are Asian, but the crucial subtext is the stress that interracial dating imposes on them. The resentment felt by black women when a highly successful black man marries a blonde has been well documented in hit movies like "Waiting to Exhale." Less widely understood is the even more difficult situation Asian guys face in competing for girls against whites and blacks. This "dating disparity" is a perpetually volatile topic in online discussion groups for young Asian-Americans.

According to the 2000 Census, Asian women are 3.1 times more likely to be married to a white man than an Asian man is to be married to a white woman. At 6.2 to one, the black-Asian ratio is

twice as skewed. The upshot: for every 1,000 Asian women with husbands, only 860 Asian men have wives. That's a lot of lonely bachelors.

In Asian chat rooms, the blame is routinely laid on "media stereotypes." Whether that's the chicken or the egg is debatable, but they certainly have a point. Although Asians make up over four percent of the population, Asian-American males are virtually invisible in music, movies, and TV. In contrast, Asian women are omnipresent as newscasters and are not unknown as movie stars (such as Lucy Liu and Tia Carrere).

Chinese-born martial arts geniuses Jackie Chan and Jet Li can open movies, but there's little demand for Asian actors who don't kick people, as the strange evaporation of John Lone's career after his celebrated starring role in the 1987 Best Picture "The Last Emperor" testifies.

This accounts for the excitement "Better Luck Tomorrow" has generated among Asian-American students. It introduces six young talents in meatier roles than they might ever get in studio films. I especially liked Sung Kang as the dim bulb who correctly senses that his friends aren't as smart as they think they are.

Still, if Asian-Americans want to see their own actors and stories up on the screen, more of them are going to have to do what Lin, the 31-year-old director and co-writer, did: sign up for scores of credit cards, hustle the relatives, and make their own movies. There's a steady stream of decent-quality little movies made by African-Americans. There are only about one third as many Asians as blacks overall. Yet, among those who have the entrepreneurial background and cash-rich connections to finance a small film, Asians are at least as numerous as blacks.

It's time for young Asian-Americans to stop complaining and start taking their media portrayals into their own hands. ■

Rated R for violence, drug use, language, and sexuality.
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BOOKS

[*Damn Senators: My Grandfather and the Story of Washington's Only World Series Win*, Mark Gauvreau Judge, Encounter Books, 210 pages]

Rooting for the Home Team

By William F. Reyes

FOR GENERATIONS X, Y, and other denizens of Skateboard Nation, it may come as a mild surprise to discover that there used to be baseball in the nation's capital. The Washington Senators (originally the Nationals) were a charter member of the inaugural American League, where they typically played less than championship-caliber baseball. But there was a brief, shining moment when Washington reigned supreme on the diamond, and Mark Gauvreau Judge has written a most engaging account of that team, that era, and the game that was the national pastime for most of the past century.

Although the book's ironic title stems from the frustration that the team typically levied on its loyal fans, it is clear that the author has a strong and personal devotion to a team that played its last game in 1971. The focal point of his story is Joe Judge, the solid if largely forgotten star first baseman of the Senators, who also happens to be the author's grandfather. Though he never knew his grandfather, this is clearly a labor of love for Mark Judge—a balance

between a versant sports story and a gentle family memoir. In the process, the younger Judge paints a vivid portrait of an era of baseball and of a nation that is, for better or worse, as gone as the old Griffith Stadium where Joe Judge played.

As a native Washingtonian, I spent many autumn afternoons in RFK Stadium watching the Redskins as well as the Senators before they were unceremoniously moved to Texas. During timeouts, I would stare at the "ring of stars" encircling the upper deck of the stadium, D.C.'s homage to the pantheon of local sports legends. This account opens with the author's memory of the 1990 day his grandfather was honored with a star then turns to a history lost to most modern fans.

Joe Judge played a yeoman first base from 1915 to 1934, a period that corresponded roughly with Babe Ruth's career. Indeed, the impossible-to-ignore Ruth provides juicy material as well as a useful foil for the clean-cut, by-the-book protagonist. The oft-told story of how Ruth was sold by the Boston Red Sox to the Yankees is told once again, showing how that acquisition was the crucial move that jumpstarted the Yankee dynasty that continues to this day. But just as the Yankees are the pinstriped 800-pound gorillas whose exploits have been trumpeted by the New-York-centric media, the Washington Senators have been arguably the least covered team in Major League history. Judge fills this gap admirably with a book that does not attempt to be definitive but instead concentrates on the glory days of a surprisingly robust franchise.

Mark Judge is undeniably proud of his grandfather, but he wisely does not attempt to inflate a solid career into something it wasn't. Judge was one of the finest first basemen of his era, an agile and diminutive fielder who also managed to hit .300 in nine seasons. But Joe Judge is almost the Nick Carraway figure of his own story, a presence that allows the author to discuss the colorful Ruth, the saintly teammate Walter Johnson, or the transition of baseball from

the dead-ball era to the rabbit-ball era. In fact, to modern sensibilities, Walter Johnson seems positively iconic, almost too good to be true. With statistics that, like Ruth's, almost defy the modern seamhead's imagination, Walter Johnson was as renowned for his dignity and modesty as he was for his blazing fast-ball. (Think of a kinder, gentler Cal Ripken.) Could it be that the nation was as in love with W.J. as the author suggests, to the point of New Yorkers rooting for him and his "Nats" against their Giants in the World Series? Hard to say, but Mark Judge is nothing if not compelling as he culls yellowed newspaper accounts and long dead contemporaries to argue not only for the greatness of the ballplayers but for the goodness and old fashioned heroic values of those like Walter Johnson and Joe Judge.

Aficionados from Abner Doubleday to George Will have lauded the great American game, and while I can excuse the "baseball is life" hyperbole, it is only fair to point out that baseball, like life, isn't always pretty. Mark Judge does not shy away from the darker side of the game, as his story at various times deals with racism, the Black Sox scandal, and the rawhide-tough excesses of the game itself, often played by sons of immigrants who gave and expected no quarter. Here we are treated to a multitude of brief but vivid vignettes of American originals like John McGraw, Clark Griffith, Ty Cobb, and Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who had more in common with the pioneers and railroad men who settled the continent than with many of their milk-drinking, portfolio-wielding counterparts today.

One of the more colorful images of the book is that of the elderly Joe Judge watching the Washington Senators on television, cursing their ineptitude and offering them tips on how to play the game, exercising the believable conceit that things were done better in the days of Gehrig and Hornsby. The title, *Damn Senators*, becomes more ironic when the author relates how the model for the protagonist of the novel, musical, and movie, *Damn Yankees*, could very well

have been Joe Judge himself. There, Joe Hardy, a Washington Senator, has sold his soul to the Devil to beat the Yankees and win the pennant. While Mark Judge concedes that the story may be apocryphal, it immediately becomes one so delicious that it will seem true to the reader, who sees in Hardy plenty of good guy Joe Judge.

His grandson writes a more or less chronological narrative, starting with the advent of baseball in the nation's capital, right up to the present when Washington is in the hunt for big league baseball. (One finishes the book with a keen appreciation of the tradition of baseball in Washington and how ridiculous it is not to have a team in the fifth-largest market in the country.) He writes with a free-flowing style and does not feel too constrained by a pennant race to resist a personal aside. (My favorite was when he relayed how he once worked at a bar where the owner found out he was the grandson of Joe Judge and "practically swooned.")

Most of all, Judge knows that he has a wonderful story to tell, and he builds up anticipation like, well, an extra-inning game. Reading about the thrilling 1924 World Series may be escapism, but that is almost the point: you may find yourself longing for ice boxes, radio shows, and Packards as you hear the exploits of men in cotton flannel playing a sandlot game.

If you have read this far, you probably are not opposed to baseball books. But readers should understand that while this is a baseball book, it is also a memoir and a search for roots, a real life "Field of Dreams." Most of us would relish the opportunity to re-create the era that our grandparents inhabited, but few have forebears famous enough to leave a researchable legacy. Mark Judge makes the most of his opportunity, and we are richer for his curiosity and effort. May Washingtonians be lucky enough to yell out "Damn Senators!" once again in the near future. ■

William F. Reyes is an attorney in Washington, D.C.

[*Climbing Parnassus: A New Apologia for Greek and Latin*, Tracy Lee Simmons, ISI Books, 268 pages]

Defending the Permanent Things

By Cicero Bruce

AS THE SUBTITLE of his book acknowledges, Tracy Lee Simmons is not the first to defend the classics. In the principal address on the 215th anniversary of the founding of Harvard University, James Russell Lowell reminded his audience that, although the ancient languages may be "dead," the literature they enshrine "is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be." He maintained that the Greco-Roman languages speak to us as much as they spoke to the contemporaries of Homer or Virgil, for these languages appeal "not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself."

Nearly six decades later, in 1908, Harvard professor Irving Babbitt called Lowell's address "the most eloquent appeal that has been made of late years for a more liberal study of the classics." Before the First World War, Babbitt and fellow leader of the New Humanism, Paul Elmer More, wrote their own apologies for Greek and Latin. Like Simmons they knew that the modern objection to schooling in the immortal languages arises, as More put it, from "an instinctive suspicion of them as standing in the way of a downward-leveling mediocrity." As *Climbing Parnassus* has done again, Babbitt and More encouraged a rearguard action to counteract the desultory tendencies of American education.

More examined these tendencies in *Aristocracy and Justice*, a scrupulous treatise in which he criticized the overgrowth at the undergraduate level "of

courses in government and sociology, which send men into the world skilled in the machinery of statecraft and with minds sharpened to the immediate demands of special groups, but with no genuine training of the imagination and no understanding of the longer problems of humanity." More was not suggesting that such courses are inherently bad. He was merely saying that, as a background to them or to other courses in any of the branches of human knowledge, "there should be a common intellectual training through which all students should pass, acquiring thus a single body of ideas and images in which they [can] always meet as brother initiates."

In *Literature and the American College*, Babbitt argued that the aim of education is to forge the minds and characters of future leaders, and he asserted that the proven way to forge the minds and characters of undergraduates is to steep them in Greek and Latin. In this, one of his most important books, Babbitt challenged banal misconceptions about the purpose of studying the classics. What he wrote remains pertinent. Although Southern poet and man of letters Allen Tate harshly censured Babbitt's New Humanism, he continued to recognize the genius of *Literature and the American College*. "It is still quoted," he said, "but there is no reason to believe that its message has ever been taken seriously by the men who most need it."

Tate was another champion of the classics. At Vanderbilt, where he matriculated in 1918, he received instruction from truly educated men of the kind remembered and celebrated in *Climbing Parnassus*. Take, for instance, his Greek teacher, Herbert Cushing Tolman. At the end of one class period Tolman recited a free translation of one of Pindar's odes. When he was done, Tate raised his hand and asked, "Dr. Tolman, could we have read that translation somewhere?" To which Professor Tolman politely replied, "No, Sir, my reading is the way John Dryden might have rendered it into English prose." Like Simmons, Tolman and his colleagues did

not view Greek and Latin as curricular superfluities; they saw them as an indispensable means of honing minds.

Yet even while Tate struggled with his Greek declensions, Vanderbilt administrators and progressive faculty were beginning to consider changes then being adopted across the country to make university learning "practical" and more "sensitive" to perceived student needs. These changes stemmed from a growing emphasis on "career training," the implicit end of which was to prepare students to "function" efficiently in the workaday world. According to those who embraced the changes, impractical subjects such as Greek and Latin could benefit no one except the instructor employed to teach them. Tate knew better, however, and he along with Professors John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson vociferously, if futilely, denounced the timeserving innovations that finally dissipated Vanderbilt's classical orientation and ultimately resulted in the present educational system, which Simmons rightly charges with doing nothing well and many things badly.

The last century heard from other apologists for Greek and Latin besides those recollected above. Most, though, were among what Simmons describes as the last group of writers, reared and

educated between 1870 and 1920, "whose early exposure to classical rigors at school allowed them as adults to be literary masters and gourmands." This band of cultivated men consisted of W. Somerset Maugham, R. W. Living-

thing about his mother tongue which I do not think can be learned in any other way." Such effort, he added, "inculcates the habit, whenever one uses a word, of automatically asking, 'What is its exact meaning?'"

ALTHOUGH IN LATER LIFE WAUGH ADMITTED TO **REMEMBERING NO GREEK AND TO HAVING NEVER READ LATIN FOR PLEASURE**, HE EXPRESSED **NO REGRETS** FOR HAVING DEVOTED HOURS OF HIS BOYHOOD TO THE **SUPPOSED DEAD LANGUAGES**.

stone, Rupert Brooke, Ronald Knox, C. S. Lewis, Albert Jay Nock, Robert Graves, and Louis MacNeice. It also included W. H. Auden and Evelyn Waugh, in whom Simmons finds especial inspiration.

In a utilitarian age like ours, wrote the former, "the modern revolt against centering the school curriculum around the study of Latin and Greek is understandable," although it is "deplorably mistaken." Auden avowed that few persons of his generation ever "kept up" their Greek and Latin after leaving school, but he was certain that something of real value abided nonetheless: "Anybody who has spent many hours in his youth translating into and out of two languages so syntactically and rhetorically different from his own, learns some-

Waugh agreed. Although in later life he admitted to remembering no Greek and to having never read Latin for pleasure, he expressed no regrets for having devoted countless hours of his boyhood to the supposed dead languages: "I believe that the conventional defense of them is valid; that only by them can a boy fully understand that a sentence is a logical construction and that words have basic inalienable meanings, departure from which is either conscious metaphor or inexcusable vulgarity."

Both Waugh and Auden thought that persons never schooled in Greek and Latin suffer a most unfortunate deprivation, a sentiment shared wholeheartedly by Simmons. Those who have been most deprived ever "since classical education became 'undemocratic,'" Auden observed, "are not the novelists and poets—their natural love of language sees them through—but all those, like politicians, journalists, lawyers, the man-in-the-street, etc., who use language for everyday and nonliterary purposes."

Apologists for Greek and Latin have lately dwindled. Yet in the past several years there have been some notable attempts to save classical education from utter extinction. In 1999, E. Christian Kopff took his stand with *The Devil Knows Latin: Why America Needs the Classical Tradition*. Victor Davis Hanson and John Heath took theirs more recently, in 2001, when they co-wrote *Who Killed Homer: The Demise of Classical Education and the Recovery of Greek Wisdom*. In the same year, Hanson and Heath joined forces with Bruce



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S. Thornton to produce *Bonfire of the Humanities: Rescuing the Classics in an Impoverished Age*. But nobody since the death of Auden has made a stand as delightfully instructive as the one we find in *Climbing Parnassus*.

In the bulk of his book, which consists chiefly in a history of classical learning from the Lacedemonians to the Edwardians, Simmons shows that, up to the beginning of the last century, the end of education was not, as it seems to be now, to encourage individual cleverness at the expense of collective prudence. Or as Simmons says, it was not, as "historian Jacques Barzun has written, 'to make ideal citizens, supertolerant neighbors, agents of world peace, and happy family folk, at once sexually adept and flawless drivers of cars.'" What our ancestors understood to be the object of education is best expressed by the word *Paideia*, says Simmons, which he defines as "enculturation," in the sense of "instilling core values, enunciating standards, and setting moral precepts."

And even though the multiculturalists, at least the more radical, insist "that all societies—all ways of life, all ways of thinking and feeling, all modes of expression—are equally valuable and worth the narrow beaming of academic study," Simmons uses the root of the word *enculturation* to distinguish between "lower and higher, better and best." In short, his use of *culture* is "unapologetically evaluative." Cultural achievements elevate, Simmons emphasizes. They do more than merely entertain; they expose "us to something better than we could find elsewhere" and "make us better as well—healthier intellectually and emotionally."

What ramifies throughout *Climbing Parnassus* is a clear distinction between "instrumental" and "formative" education. Simmons explains that the purpose of the former, traditionally referred to as "vocational training," has been to teach us "how to do, make, and change things." Formative education, on the other hand, aims to fashion character around the Good and the Beautiful, just as one might bend twigs and incline trees to

assume a pleasing shape. The importance of instrumental training to civilization is obvious, but until very recently it has never been confused with education, in the proper sense of the word. The ancients knew, and Simmons affirms, that the really educated mind is "the formed mind."

Simmons does not expect us all to run out and hire language tutors, although many readers will be disposed to do so after hearing what he has to say. Nevertheless he hopes that America will soon begin to recover the wisdom of the ages by encouraging more of its children to immerse themselves in the essential languages of their intellectual heritage. He would have this country's most educable young women and men aspire to climb Parnassus, his symbol for all that obtains in Greek and Latin, and gain from that arduous ascent the ennobled bent of mind that distinguished their nation's classically trained founding fathers. ■

Cicero Bruce is Associate Professor of English at McMurry University in Abilene, Texas and the author of W. H. Auden's Moral Imagination.

MUSIC

The Queen's Servant But God's First

By Matthew G. Alexander

AT THE TURN of the millennium, Terry Teachout wrote a problematic article for *Commentary* in which he called Benjamin Britten "England's Greatest Composer." Such declarations are inherently controversial, but beyond pitting quirks of critical taste against each other, spirited arguments of this kind help sharpen our appreciation for the mastery of great artists. Indeed, as an analysis of

Britten's life and work, Teachout's essay was subtle and illuminating; its weakness lay not with its thesis so much as with its failure to argue for it. Besides passing mentions of Ralph Vaughan Williams, Sir Edward Elgar, and Henry Purcell, England's other musical luminaries never appear, much less have their works rigorously compared to Britten's. The charitable reader might excuse the author a bit of rhetorical overstretch in an otherwise thoughtful offering and reason that he meant only to judge the best of the closing century rather than of all time. Still, the mind of the contrarian naturally turns to other pretenders to the title, and high among the first rank is William Byrd (1543-1623), whose greatest English artistic contemporary, according to composer John Rutter, was Shakespeare.

Along with his teacher Thomas Tallis, Byrd dominated the musical landscape of Renaissance and Reformation England. While a virtuoso organist in his day and the first in his country to write in the Italian genre of madrigals, Byrd earned his place in the pantheon as a composer of sacred choral music. Religion is therefore central to any understanding of Byrd and his oeuvre, for in a way not true of certain other English sacred-music composers, Byrd's spiritual convictions—and the broader religious climate in which he had to maintain them—are essential to appreciating his character and genius.

William Byrd was a Catholic, but he lived at the height of the Elizabethan and Jacobean persecutions. The Mass was illegal in England, and a priest, if caught, could expect the death penalty. Babies had to be christened in the established Protestant church, couples had to be married there, and everyone had to attend Protestant Sunday services on pain of heavy fines or imprisonment. Queen Elizabeth I, however, famously wished not to "make a window into men's souls"—provided they acted outwardly in accord with the law. It was thanks to this scrap of toleration, and his great talent, that Byrd prospered when so many of his co-religionists did not.

Byrd, like many Elizabethan Catholics, became a Church Papist, which British historian Antonia Fraser describes as a Catholic who, to protect his family or advance in government, would attend Anglican services but retain his allegiance to the old religion internally. These would hope to attend a secret Mass when possible or be reconciled

wrote Mass settings and motets (in Latin), managing to publish and even furtively to perform them. His finest masterpieces are perhaps his Masses for Three, Four, and Five Voices, which he wrote for the underground liturgies, the straitened circumstances of which pressed themselves intimately upon the compositions. Antonia Fraser writes in her

As many have noted, Byrd's Latin motets also frequently reflect both his Catholic faith and his lamentation for his homeland. (Some call these his "political" motets, a superficial description that rather misses the mark.) One such is *Ne Irascaris*, his setting of this penitential text from Isaiah:

Be not very angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity: behold, see we are all thy people.

The city of thy sanctuary is become a desert, Sion is made a desert, Jerusalem is desolate.

BY ITS PROGRESSION FROM **COLLECTIVE TO PERSONAL PENITENCE**, THE CONCERT REVEALED HOW THE COMPOSERS VIEWED **THEIR PLIGHT IN ENGLAND** THROUGH A RELIGIOUS (AND, INDEED, ALMOST OLD-TESTAMENT) LENS.

with the Catholic Church before death. Church Papism would seem a convenient arrangement, except that Elizabethan Catholics were heirs to the faith of the early martyrs, who preferred death to offering even a pinch of incense to the emperor. Many of Byrd's contemporaries therefore would not compromise and became recusants, or religious outlaws.

As a Church Papist, William Byrd advanced quite far. He became Organist of the Chapel Royal in 1575, and together with Tallis, a fellow Catholic, received from the queen a monopoly on music printing. For the Established Church, he wrote a setting of the Anglican Great Service and many beautiful English-language anthems. Torn between the official circles of Protestantism and the subterranean world of forbidden Catholicism, however, Byrd suffered acute anguish of soul, and it was this pain and sense of exile that defined his musical compositions.

There can be no doubt that Byrd remained Catholic at heart. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* records that Byrd, in his will, prayed, "that he may live and dye a true and perfect member of the Holy Catholike Church without which I beleieve there is noe salvacon for me." He was a fixture in the liturgical life of the recusant safe-houses, the great country homes of Catholic aristocrats, which served as 16th-century catacombs riddled with secret chambers to hide fugitive priests. For these communities he

wrote Mass settings and motets (in Latin), managing to publish and even furtively to perform them. His finest masterpieces are perhaps his Masses for Three, Four, and Five Voices, which he wrote for the underground liturgies, the straitened circumstances of which pressed themselves intimately upon the compositions. Antonia Fraser writes in her

book *Faith and Treason*, "Given the occluded nature of these occasions, it was no coincidence that they were written for modest numbers, trios of sacred music, Masses for only four or five voices." It is in these Masses that we hear some of Byrd's most poignant expressions of his Catholicism. One especially powerful instance occurs in the *Credo* movement of the *Mass for Four Voices*. This is the Nicene Creed, the Mass's profession of faith, the end of which offers the line, "*et unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam*" ("and in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church"). Byrd's setting of this phrase is movingly defiant. For the preceding section, and indeed, much of the movement, Byrd has written elegant counterpoint, but now he pulls the four voices together and brings them to a dramatic closing cadence. Then, for this new phrase, he briefly changes the texture to one that is essentially homophonic, a common Renaissance device to indicate emphasis. The sopranos lead with the words *et unam* followed almost immediately by the other three parts together on the same text. The phrase climaxes with the word *Catholicam*, which the sopranos lightly articulate and the other voices forcefully repeat as one. By setting one voice against three, Byrd masterfully harnesses the emphatic qualities of both polyphony and homophony: the text repetition of the former and the clarity and unity of the latter.

Like the prophet, Byrd mourns what, in his eyes, is a fallen country and begs God to restore His favor to its people. (Ironically, this motet, in English translation, was until the last century a staple of the Anglican repertoire.)

Last year in New York, the Tallis Scholars—one of the world's premier mixed-voice Renaissance choirs—gave a landmark concert of 16th-century English sacred music, highlighted by Thomas Tallis's opulent 40-voice motet *Spem in alium* (which begins, "I have never put my hope in any other but you, O God of Israel"). This extravagant masterpiece, written during the reign of Queen Mary I, in which official Catholicism briefly returned to England, both opened and closed the program. Immediately preceding its second appearance, however, were two of Byrd's short penitential motets: *Ne Irascaris* and *Miserere Mei* ("Have mercy on me, O God"). Discussing the concert afterwards with a young composer I know, we realized that this programming decision carried significant insights into the minds of these persecuted artists. By its progression from collective to personal penitence, the concert revealed how the composers viewed their plight in England through a religious (and, indeed, almost Old-Testament) lens: as punishment for sin. And yet, like Kierkegaard's Abraham, no matter how hopeless their situation, it was precisely the theological virtue of hope—the Christian hope of divine forgiveness—that sustained them.

William Byrd is not the only great English composer to have fallen into near oblivion. There is still afoot in some quarters what England's *Musical Times* has termed "the old belief that Britain is not musical." England is the Mother of Parliaments and playwrights, the argument goes, but it was left to other nations to inherit Apollo's lyre. A recent review in Britain's own *Economist* put it thus: "Unlike France or Germany, Italy does not challenge the British at any of the pursuits they are best at: parliamentary democracy, fighting wars and writing plays. Instead, it excels in spheres in which the Brits invest little pride: cooking, painting, *music* and living life with a general sense of style" (emphasis added).

A more sophisticated, but perhaps no less widespread, version of this attack grants England some share of musical genius but posits, in the words of the *London Times*, a two-century "musical 'ice age,'" in which Britain's melodic muse lay dormant between the death of Henry Purcell (d. 1695) and the rise of Sir Edward Elgar (b. 1857).

Such a contention immediately runs up against the titanic figure of George Friedrich Handel (1685-1759). Although born in Germany, Handel made Britain his permanent home in 1712, became a British subject, changed his name from Georg to George, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. (His German patron, the Elector of Hanover, himself came to Britain in 1714 and became King George I.) Given his German birth and his potential to overshadow all native sons, though, perhaps it is best to designate Handel a special case.

Still, adherents to the "ice age" school meet resistance at the later end of their time span as well. They completely overlook the contributions of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, as a composer of anthems, hymns, and other "serious works," gave the world much more than the operettas on which his fame rests. Those who would hail the debut of Elgar as the rebirth of English music must also discount the work of their hero's older contemporaries, Sir Charles Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who

are best known for their grand compositions for the Anglican Church. As the *Musical Times* reminds us, the concept of a 19th-century English musical Renaissance originated with the *London Times's* turn-of-the-century music critic J.A. Fuller Maitland, who, while disparaging Sullivan, considered "Parry and Stanford [to be] the saviours of English music." As for Stanford, the *Musical Times* eulogizes, "[H]is name will stand high, not merely in the roll of British composers, but in that elect line where such national labels are rarely used." Therefore, while detracting nothing from Elgar, even those who would credit his time as the end of the Dark Age must concede that it was not he alone but rather his generation that restored the light—a light that has since shone from many stars.

Benjamin Britten himself, so say the liner notes to a recent recording, took a dim view of England's historic contributions to his art, but "he always made a careful exception where choral music was concerned." The choral repertory is indeed the summit of Albion's musical legacy and among her greatest bequests to Christendom. (Yet, like so many vestiges of Western Christendom, beautiful sacred music today is threatened, often

in ways William Byrd could have appreciated. Catholic organists attached to traditional music, but who must "sing for their supper" under the new liturgical dispensation can well empathize with Byrd's sense of sorrow and alienation.) An ancient genre in which nearly all of her great composers—Protestant and Catholic—excelled, England's sacred choral music extends in wondrous variety from the sublime polyphony of the Renaissance to the quintessentially English homophony of the collegiate boy choirs, and from regal coronation anthems to the standard hymns now cherished by Christians in Britain, America, and wherever English is spoken. And at the center of the canon stands William Byrd, a tortured soul in England's Golden Age. May he now rest in peace, and may those who would preserve his legacy take heart, joining in the prayer of the psalm he once set in good hope:

Turn our captivity, O Lord, as a brook in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joyfulness.

Going they went and wept, casting their seeds; but coming, they shall come with jollity . . . ■



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Correcting Mr. Crittenden

Dear, oh dear. As the great Yogi Berra said, "It's *déjà vu* all over again." Frum the bum, that is. As some of you may remember, the Uriah-Heep-like Frum recently

painted all those conservatives that opposed the war against Iraq—we believed Saddam no longer possessed WMDs and was not involved with al-Qaeda—with the broad brush of unpatriotism. In his mephitic and intellectually dishonest mind, all neocons are patriotic, all traditional conservatives, traitorous and anti-Semitic. So far, so bad. But it gets worse, for the bum has now pulled a Jayson Blair. (I feel sorry for this troubled young man, and I think the *Times* is being self-serving in raking him over the coals; these things happen.) No, Frum has done a Stephen Glass. (I certainly don't feel sorry for Glass; he has used his lies and deception as a very convenient career move.)

Before I go on about Frum's inventions, a brief flashback. I do not surf or read the Internet because I do not know how. I can send and receive e-mail by following written instructions, but that's about it. It amazes me how well I get along without access, and now I have even learned a new word: blog. It seems that David Frum has a blog, whatever that is, and two friends of mine read his diary of May 7. It involved yours truly, and they printed it out and faxed it to me. Talk about Stephen Glass. This guy fabricates like Baron Munchausen but safeguards himself by creating a he-said/she-said situation. He wrote,

Taki, as you may recall, appeared in my recent piece for the print *NR* about conservatives who oppose the war on terror. He wasn't pleased

with my assessment of him, and wrote an indignant piece in his magazine, *The American Conservative*, about our single meeting at a large dinner party in the late 90s. Taki remembers being displeased with the meeting, but he neglects to explain why, perhaps because he was too drunk to remember. I'll provide the details he omitted.

After dinner broke up, Taki cornered Danielle. From across the room, I caught her marital distress signal and came over to intercede. Taki retreated immediately and in a slurred voice offered what was I suppose intended as an apology. "This is why I am an anti-semitic—the Jews take all the most beautiful women." Whatever else you think of those words, they're certainly a more plausible explanation of Taki's political views than anything he's been willing to put into print.

wrote about what a slob Clinton was where the fairer sex was concerned, and forgot about it. During a Conrad Black party at the Metropolitan Club in New York, a lady approached me, identified herself as Danielle Crittenden, and thanked me for writing *pro bono*. If memory serves—and it does—I said something to the effect that had I known she was attractive, I would have written better, and left it at that. She then introduced me to "my husband." I shook hands and exchanged pleasantries.

Here is where the big lie comes in. The idea that I would say what he claims I said to a perfect stranger is preposterous. I have been brought up to act like a gentleman of the old school, and although I am a heavy drinker and an incorrigible womanizer, I would no more dream of "hitting" on a woman I just met than I would betray my country for profit. (Drunk or sober, my manners do not vary. I am of the aristocratic school of thought about women. One never makes a lady feel anything but one, and by lady I mean anyone female.)

Then comes the Frum specialty, the cheap shot lie. At the time I had never

I AM OF THE **ARISTOCRATIC SCHOOL OF THOUGHT** ABOUT WOMEN.
ONE NEVER MAKES A LADY FEEL ANYTHING BUT ONE.

Now for my version. During the late '90s, I received a letter from a lady by the name of Danielle Crittenden asking me to write for her *Women's Quarterly* a piece on why Clinton was not JFK where women were concerned. She could not pay, but offered a drink "the next time you are in Washington." I accepted,

heard of Frum and took him for Mr. Crittenden. Is it credible that I would say I was anti-Semitic to a man I did not know and had no idea what religion he was? Was he wearing a yarmulke? Does he take me for a Nazi in Berlin circa 1938? First and foremost, I am not anti-Semitic. Second, we Christians get our share

of beautiful women, so why would I embarrass myself with such an asinine remark? Frum has written this to himself for reasons unknown. I suspect he hopes someone picks it up and then he can quote from that someone and make it a fact. Well, it won't wash. I do not know whether he and his wife work in tandem, but if he has ensnared her in his farrago of lies, it is a pity. She gave me the impression of a good person.

What is interesting is that Frum has used his wife before. I read that it was she who e-mailed people that Frum had invented the phrase "Axis of Evil" that his then boss, President Bush, had used in his State of the Union address. As it happens, the White House denies it, just as Frum denies the fact that he was canned soon after. And it all fits.

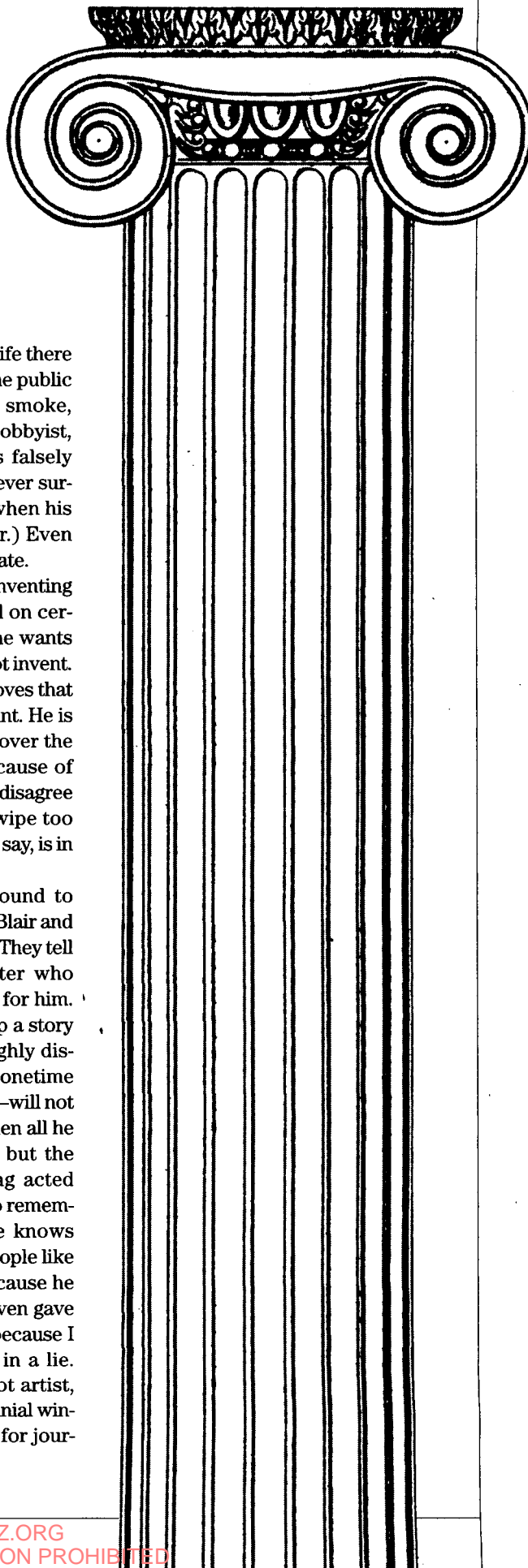
Frum accuses anyone who opposes his views of being anti-Semitic. As I wrote in *The American Conservative's* April 21st issue, he tries to shut down debate by charging anti-Semitism, the oldest and cheapest trick in the book. He has now impugned both my honor and my manners. Mud sticks, and he's hoping that by smearing me he can shut me up. But I will put my trust in the American system, where fabrication and concoction may work for awhile, but sooner or later the calumny is exposed.

And another thing. When new boundaries in the war of ideas are crossed, when someone will write anything, however false, it is bound to move the goalposts for the worse. Let me give you an example: imagine that I answered Frum's lies by saying that he had asked me to join him in a threesome with his wife, which of course there is no question he did not. The press would pick it up, it would become a he-said/she-said con-

trovery, and for the rest of his life there would be a doubt about him. The public would think, where there's smoke, there's fire. (Roger Stone, the lobbyist, knows all about that. He was falsely accused, and despite no proof ever surfacing, the first thing I heard when his name came up was that horror.) Even Frum does not deserve such a fate.

But see what I mean about inventing things? A civil society is based on certain rules. One can insult all one wants—I certainly do—but one cannot invent. With his latest slander Frum proves that he will do anything to win a point. He is the controversialist who goes over the top every time merely in the cause of getting one over on those who disagree with him. He has taken one swipe too many this time. The ball, as they say, is in my court.

Sooner or later Frum is bound to embarrass his employers. Like Blair and Glass, he is bound to be caught. They tell me that he is a talented writer who knows policy inside out. Good for him. He should stick to it. Making up a story about a man like me—thoroughly disliked for speaking my mind, a onetime heavy drinker and skirt chaser—will not gain him kudos. I was alone when all he claims took place happened, but the idea that I would deny having acted badly, or that I was too drunk to remember, only shows how little he knows about me. Perhaps he thinks people like me act this way, but that is because he has not had my upbringing. I even gave myself away in customs once because I was too scared to be caught in a lie. Frum is a liar and a cheap-shot artist, and I nominate him as the perennial winner of the Stephen Glass prize for journalism. ■



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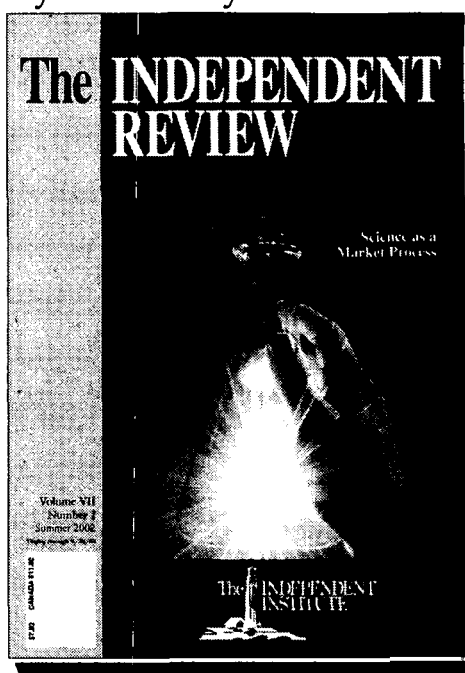
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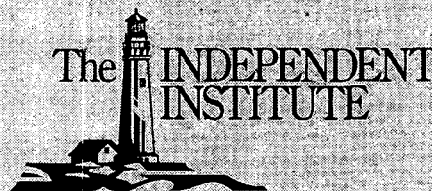
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